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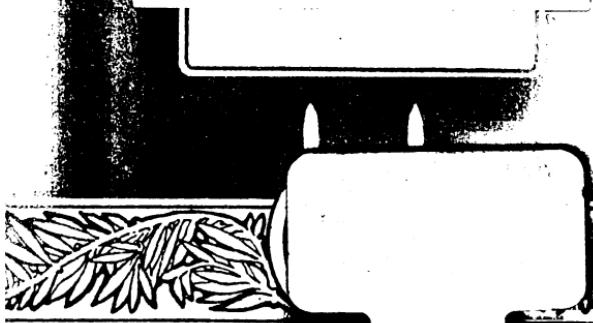
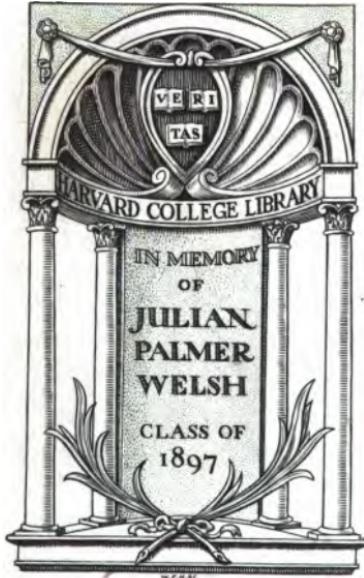
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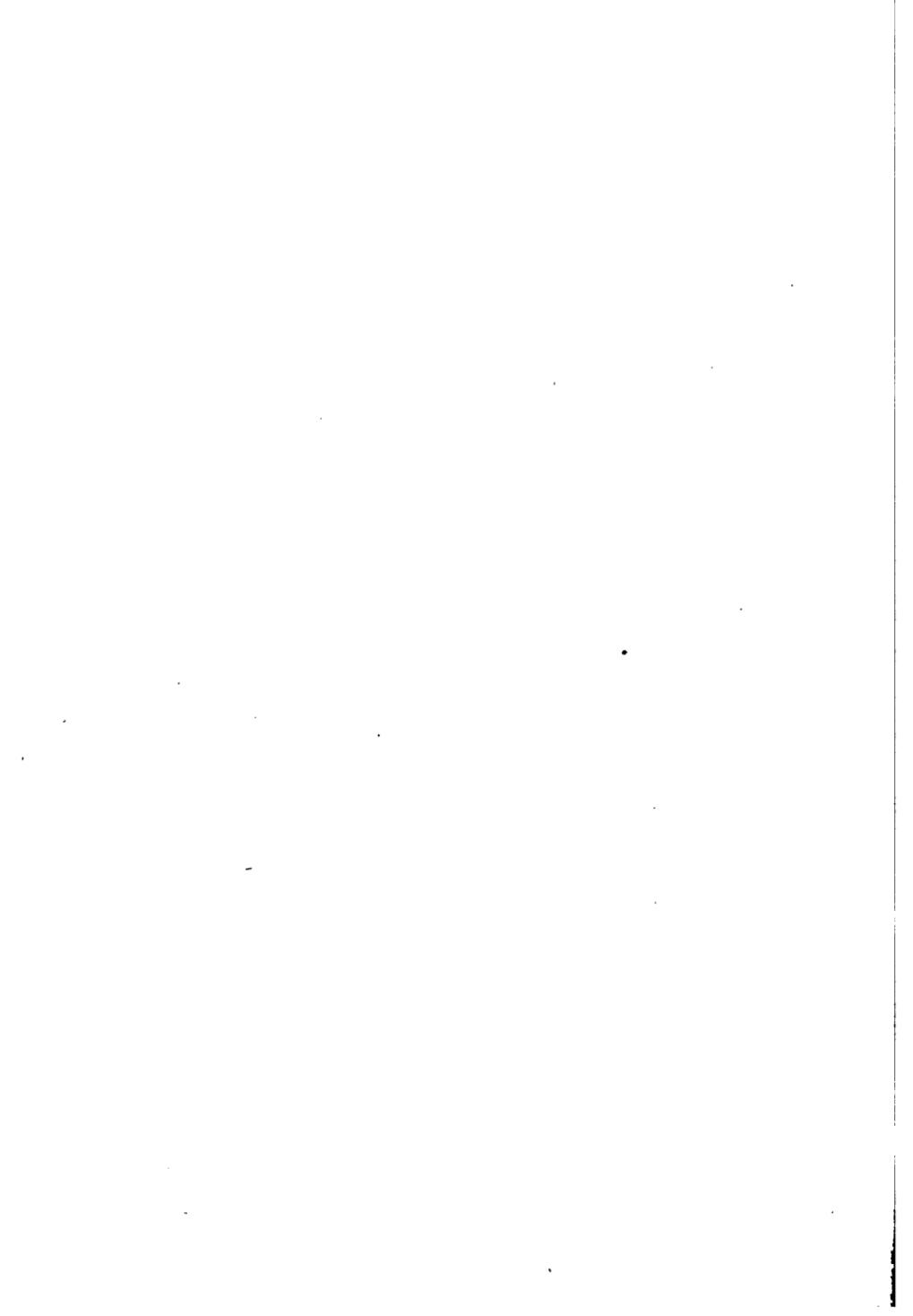


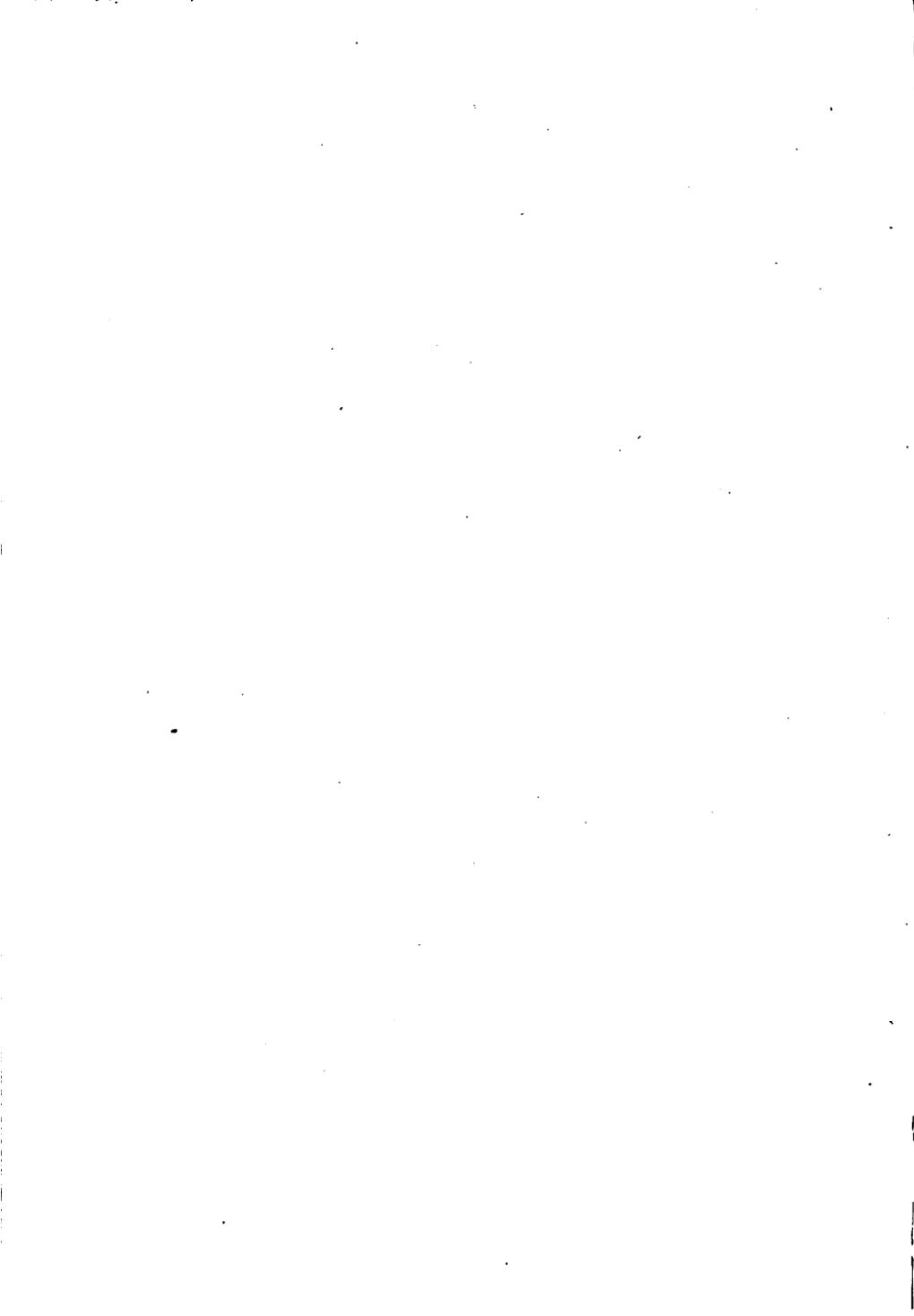
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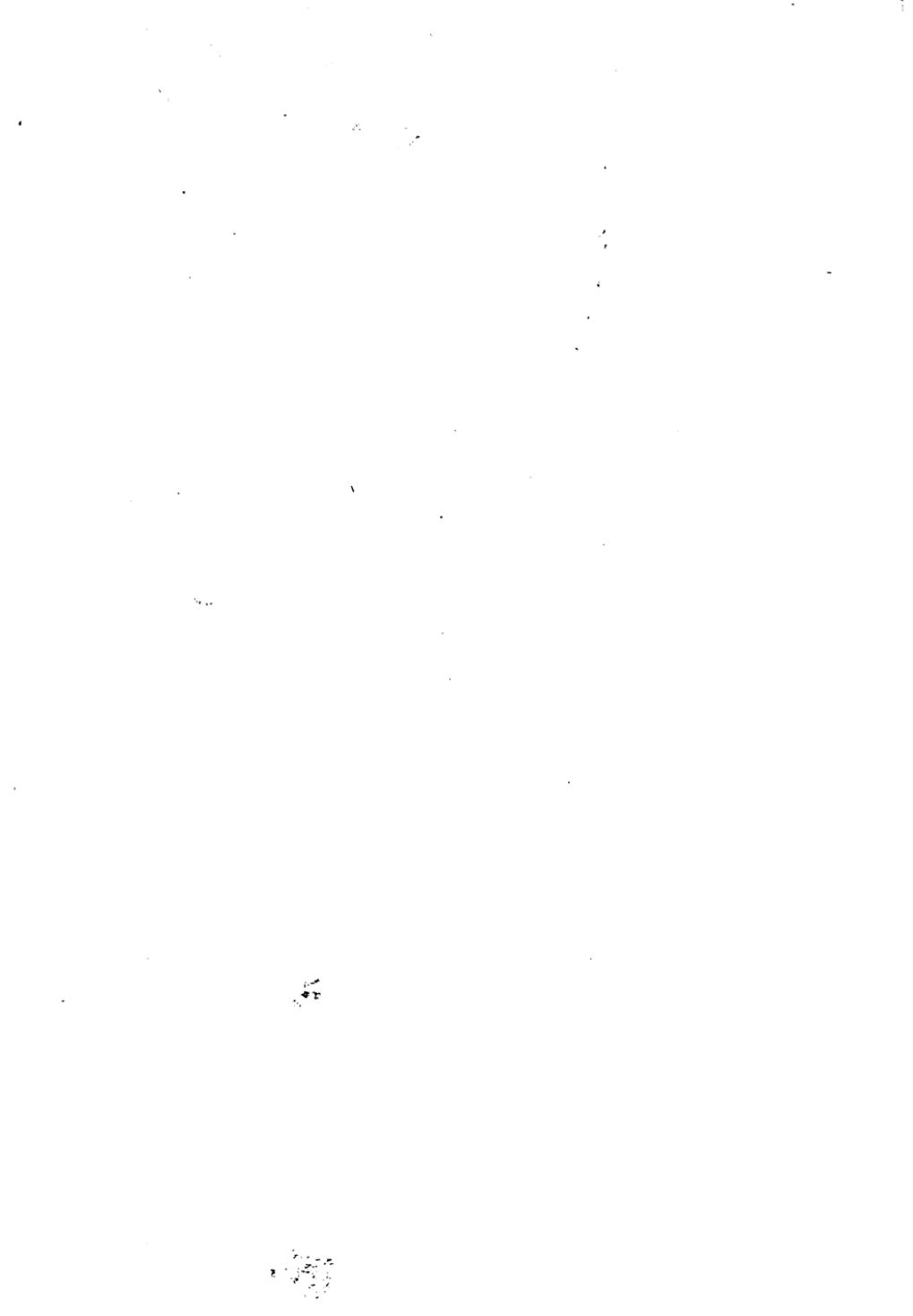
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He's been on
every front from
Chateau-Thierry
to the Rhine

CH R. Baldwin

Coblenz - 1919

YANKS

A. E. F. VERSE

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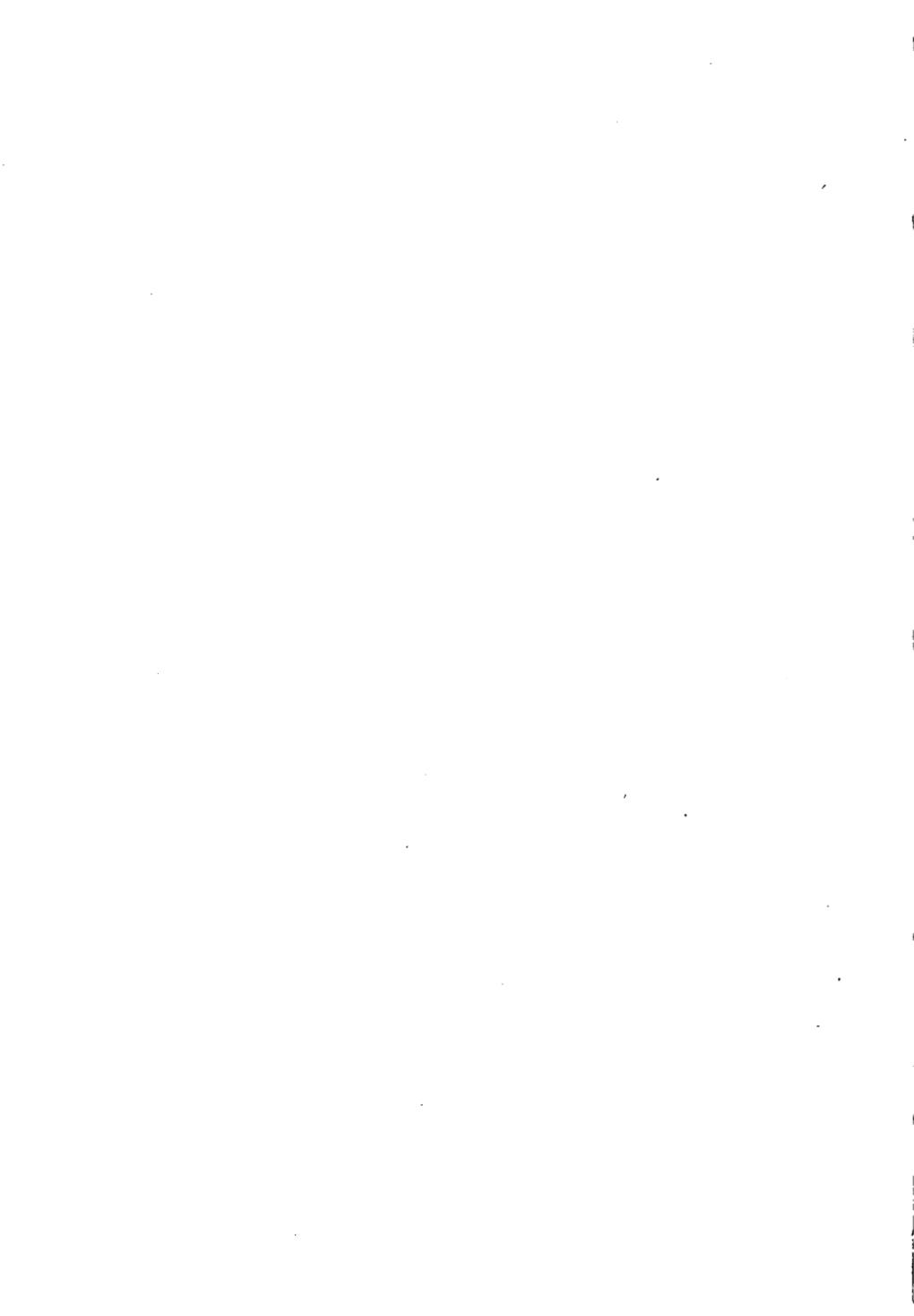
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To

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE



FOREWORD

The A. E. F. was about the most sentimental outfit that ever lived. Most of it—so it seemed to anyone who served on the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*—wrote poetry. All of it read poetry. “The Army’s Poets” column, in which some hundred thousand lines of verse were printed during the course of the Army newspaper’s existence, was re-read, cut out, sent home, pinned or pasted up in dugouts, Adrian barracks and mess shacks, laughed over and, in all likelihood, wept over.

It was good verse. Occasionally the metre was out of joint, the rhymes faulty, the whole mechanism awry, but it was good verse for all that. For it rang true, every syllable of it, however the scansion may have halted or the expression blundered. It was inspired by mud and cooties and gas and mess-kits and Boche 77’s and home and mother, all subordinated to a

determination to stick it through whatever the time and pains involved.

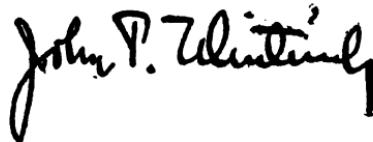
Various anthologies of war verse have appeared in America. Nearly all have consisted almost wholly of the work of non-combatant poets—indeed of professionals—who wrote smoothly, visioned the horror with facile accuracy for what it was, and interpreted well—for people who didn't get to the war. *Yanks* is the work of men who got there. It is a source book of A. E. F. emotion.

Yanks is composed entirely of selections from the verse published in *The Stars and Stripes* during the nine months of its pre-armistice career, and seven months before the Army newspaper, according to the pledge of its editors, was "folded away, never to be taken out again." The profits from the original edition were to have been used to buy fruit and delicacies for American sick and wounded in overseas hospitals, and would have been but for the decision of the Judge Advocate General of the A. E. F. who, after the publication and sale of the volume, refused to permit the expenditure of the proceeds because of a technicality.

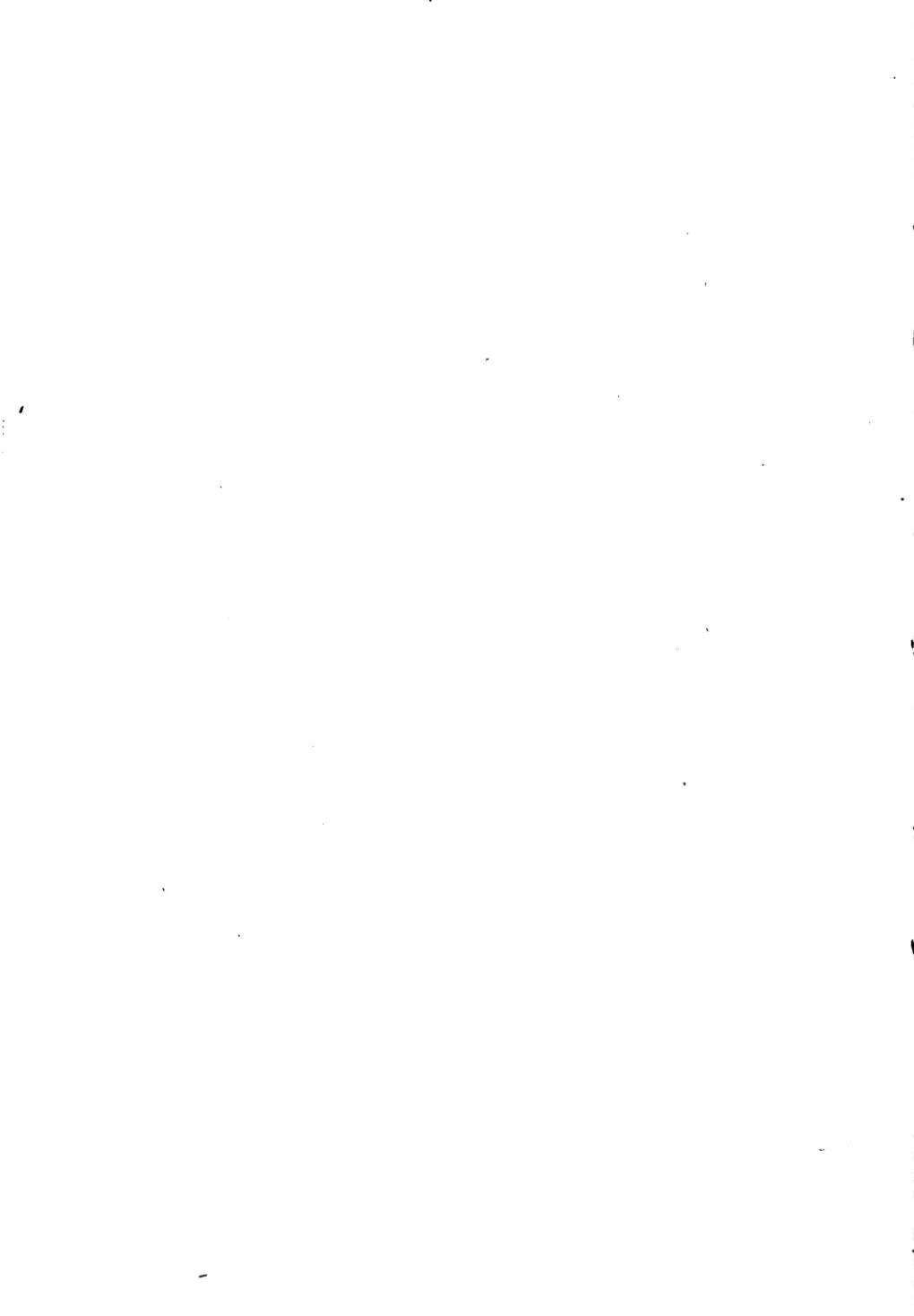
The royalties accruing from the sale of this

volume will be devoted to *The Stars and Stripes* Fund for French War Orphans, to which 600,000 American soldiers gave more than 2,200,000 francs during their stay in France.

This republication is made with the consent and approval of Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, under the direction of the former editorial council of *The Stars and Stripes*, now associated in the publication of *The Home Sector*.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John P. Whistler". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with "John" on top, "P." in the middle, and "Whistler" on the bottom line.



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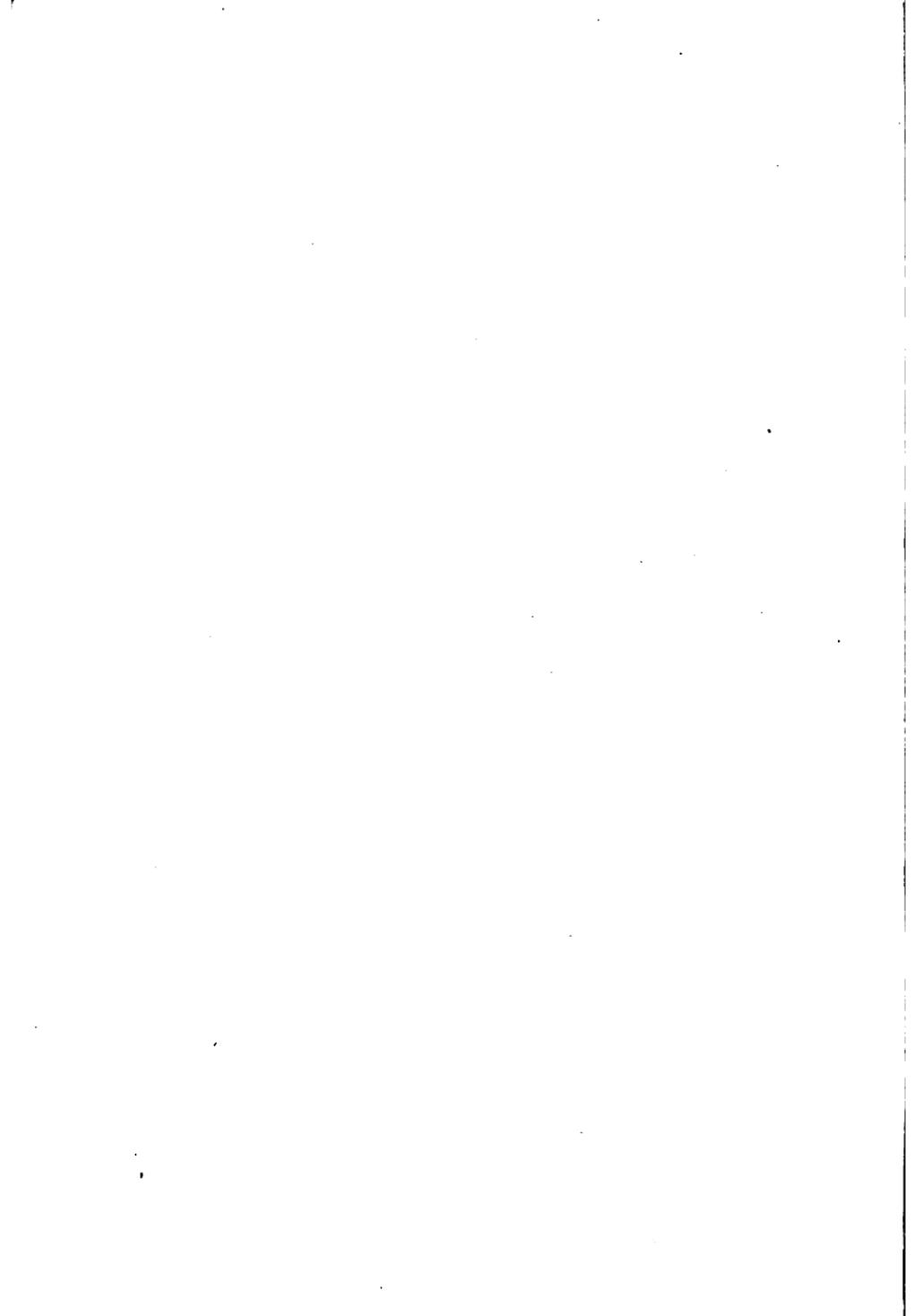
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JUST THINKIN'

Standin' up here on the fire-step,
Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'
If the Hun's comin' over to-night—
Say, ain't the things you think of
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
For a couple o' months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin',
Things that 'ull make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',
Stories you hear and forget,

Just Thinkin'

Ball games and birthday parties,
Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
Sunsets 'way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly,
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg
Voices of women folk,
Verses you learnt in schooldays
Pop up in the mist and smoke,
As you stand there, grippin' that rifle,
A-starin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
What will there be to do?
Where will the Boches be then?
Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

HUDSON HAWLEY, Pvt., M.G. Bn.

TO THE KID SISTER

You were only a kid, little sister,
When I started over the sea,
But you've grown quite a lot since I came here,
And you've written a letter to me,
And nobody knows that you wrote it—
It's a secret—and we'll keep it well,
Your brother and you and the ocean,
And nobody's going to tell.

You were only a tot when I left you.
I remember I bade you goodbye
And kissed you, a little bit flustered,
And you promised you never would cry.
But I know that you cried, little sister,
As soon as I'd gone out the door,
And did I cry myself? I'm a soldier,
So don't ask me anything more.

I think of you often, kid sister—
You're the only kid sister I've got—

To the Kid Sister

I know you'll be good to your mother,
And I know that you'll help her a lot.
And whenever she seems to be gloomy,
You've just got to cheer her somehow—
You were only a kid to your brother,
But you're more than the world to him now.

J. T. W., Pvt., A.S.

CORP'RAL'S CHEVRONS

Oh, the General with his shiny stars, leadin' a
parade,
The Colonel and the Adjutant a-sportin' of their
braid,
The Major and the Skipper—none of 'em look
so fine
As a newly minted corp'ral comin' down the
line!

Oh, the Bishop in his mitre, pacin' up the aisle.
The Governor, frock-coated, with a votes-for-
women smile,
The Congressman, the Mayor, aren't in it, I
opine,
With a newly minted corp'ral comin' down the
line!

YOU'RE NOT A FAN, PIERRETTE

I'll take you to the Follies, dear,
If there you think you'd like to go;
I'll buy you beaucoup wine and beer
Down at the gay Casino show;
In short, I'll do whatever task
Your little heart desires to name
Save one: You must not ever ask
To see another baseball game.

Your understanding is immense
At "compreyng" the jokes they spring
In vaudeville shows—and you're not dense
Because you like to hear me sing.
But, cherie, you will never be
The one to set my heart aflame,
Because you simply cannot see
The inside of a baseball game.

When you and I were watching while
The Doughboys battled the Marines.

Did classy hitting make you smile?
Did you rejoice in home run scenes?
Ah, no; when Meyer slammed the pill—
They couldn't find it for a week—
You turned to me and said, "Oh, Bill,
I sink hees uniform ees chique."

And did you holler "Atta Boy!"
When Powell zipped 'em, one, two, three,
And made the Doughboys dance with joy—
Was yours the voice that rose in glee?
Not so; you made your escort feel
Like one big, foolish, roasted goose,
When all the bleachers heard you squeal,
"But, Bill, hees nose ees so retrousse."

So when you don your new chapeau
Hereafter for a promenade,
Remember that no more we'll go
To sit beneath the grandstand shade;
Your curtain calls are surely great
Where Thespians tread the boards of fame,
But, Gosh! you can't appreciate
A good old Yankee baseball game.

S. H. C.

MY SWEETHEART

I saw her in a dream as though in life,
 Her form, her soft blue eyes, her eider hair,
Which fell as silken, golden portals, draped
 Before her bosom fair.

She whispered in my ear, "Sweetheart, be brave,
 We'll back you up in all you do and dare."
Then bending o'er, she pressed her lips to mine . . .
 I woke—she was not there.

FRANK C. McCARTHY, Sgt., A.S.

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—
He'd rather let the women see to that;
He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind,
And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong
On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink;
But he can work like sin the whole year long,
And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July,
He didn't bawl the way my sister did;
He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, good-
bye."
(He's got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things
That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,
There's one short line that every letter brings:
"Father will write, and meanwhile sends his
love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he
will—

There's lots of funny prophecies come true;
But if he just keeps promisin' to, still,
I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

MLLE. SOIXANTE-QUINZE

Oh, a mistress fit for a soldier's love
Is the graceful 75;
As neat and slim, and as strong and trim
As ever a girl alive.

Where the steel-blue sheen of her mail is seen,
And the light of her flashing glance,
In the broken spray of the roaring fray
Is the soul of embattled France.

Her love is true as the heaven's blue—
She will fight for her love till death;
Her hate is a flame no fear can tame,
That slays with the lightning's breath.

For the sun of day turns fogged and gray,
And night is a reeling hell
When she swings the flail of the shrapnel's hail,
Or looses the bursting shell.

From high Lorraine to the Somme and the Aisne,
She has held at bay the Hun,

That with broken strength he may pay, at length,
For the sins that his race has done;

For Alsace, torn from the mother land,
Ravished and mocked and chained;
For Belgium, nailed to the martyr's cross,
For holding her faith unstained.

Thou Maid, who cam'st, like a beacon flame,
In thy people's darkest hour,
Who bade them thrill with patriot will
By the spell of thy mystic power,

As thou gav'st them heart to speed the dart
From arquebus and bow,
Give us to drive, with the 75.
Our bolts on a baser foe,

That we who have come from Freedom's home
Across the western wave,
Such blows shall give that France may live
As once for us she gave.

May our good guns play with a stinging spray
On the Prussian ranks of war,
And smite them yet as did Lafayette
The hireling Huns of yore!

May we aim again at a tyrant's men
As straight and swift a blow
As at Yorktown came, with smoke and flame,
From the guns of Rochambeau!

Oh, a mistress fit for our soldier love
Is the soixante-quinze, our boast,
Our hope and pride, like a new-won bride,
But the dread of the Kaiser's host!

J. M. H., F.A.

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS

"Home is where the heart is"—

Thus the poet sang;

But "home is where the pie is"

For the doughboy gang.

Crullers in the craters

Pastry in abris—

Our Salvation Army lass

Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust

Mellower than gold;

Watch her place it neatly

Within its ample mold;

Sniff the grand aroma

While it slowly bakes—

Though the whine of Minnie shells

Echoes far awakes.

Tin hat for a halo!

Ah, she wears it well!

Making pies for homesick lads
Sure is "beating hell";
In a region blasted
By fire and flame and sword,
Our Salvation Army lass
Battles for the Lord!

Call me sacrilegious,
And irreverent, too;
Pies? They link us up with home
As naught else can do!
"Home is where the heart is"—
True, the poet sang;
But "home is where the pie is"
To the Yankee gang!

HOW IT WORKS OUT

When Jonesy joined the Army he had all the
dope down fine.
Said he, "I'd ought to land the cush, though
serving in the line.
A private's pay is thirty, then by adding ten
per cent—
That's thirty-three,
And now lessee,
In this here now French currency—
Five-sixty rate,
Makes one-eight-eight,
Or thereabouts; why, hell! that's great!
It's more'n enough
To buy me stuff,
And let me throw a swell front bluff.
Because my chow
Is paid for now,
And I don't need but to allow
A little kale
For vin or ale,

And maybe some day blow a frail
To vo-de-vee
In gay Paree
Or some live joint like that citee—
Why, I'll be flush—besides, Friend Govt. is
staking me the rent."

On pay day Jones was right on deck, an out-stretched cap in view—
He thought by trusting to his hands some clackers might leak through.
He'd planned to split his wages among all the leading banks,
But the Q.M.
Just said, "Ahem
Expenses come
To quite a sum,
Though where the tin is coming from
Is not my care,
But your affair.
We'll have to charge you for a pair
Of leggins lost,
Ten francs the cost;
On board the ship we note you tossed
A cigarette
Into the wet—

Subs might upon our trail have set.
That'll put you
Back ninety-two;
Insurance, bonds, allotments, too—
In short, you owe the Government just eighty-
seven francs."

TYLER H. BLISS., Corp., Inf.

FAITH

I heard the cannons' monotone
A mile or two away;
But in the shell-torn town I saw
Two little boys at play.

From what was yesterday a home
I heard the cannons booming;
But in the garden I could see
A bed of pansies blooming.

Along the weary, dreary road,
Forspent and dull I trod;
But in the sky of spring I saw
The countenance of God.

THE ORPHANS OF FRANCE

Gone are the games that they should be playing;
Gone are the trinkets to childhood dear.
Hushed are the voices that should be saying
Words of parental cheer.

Give them the joy that is theirs by birthright!
Give them the smiles they are robbed of!
Give,
Give them the love that is childhood's earth-right—
Give them the right to live!

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, Capt., U.S.A.

Give, and the baby buds shall grow
In childhood's sheltered garden plot;
Give, and the coming years shall show,
Each blossom a forget-me-not.

Give, and the dawn of lonesome years
Shall turn to a springtime morning mild;
Give, and receive through a mist of tears,
The blessing of a little child.

STUART H. CARROLL, Sgt., Q.M.C.

REVEILLE

Get up, get up, you sleepy head,
And grab your sox and trou;
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, get up, you carrion beast,
Get up and dig for chow;
It doesn't matter what you think,
You're in the Army now.

Get up and powder, rouge and curl
And dress—no matter how—
But don't be late for reveille,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, you foozle, ninny, boob,
There's eggs and cheese and ham
(For officers) and slum for you,
You slave of Uncle Sam.

But don't you fret or don't you fume,
For honest Injun! How
Would you have felt if you were not
In Uncle's Army now?

RAY L. HUFF, Pvt., M.D.

FULL DIRECTIONS

We saw them, but we did not need to ask where
 lay the Front;

Their clothes were neat and rolls aback, well
 made;

They marched with faces wrinkled, not by
 smiles or many frowns,

Betokening men determined, unafraid.

Once more we saw them, needing not to ask
 where lay the Front;

Their clothes were soiled, and packs in careless
 roll;

They, greeting, made their way along with faces
 tired yet bright,

Betokening men who fought with heart and soul.

We need not hear the cannon's boom to know
 where action lies,

Nor yet to seek until we find the place,

For map and compass, signboard, news we're
 ever getting from

The look upon the passing poilu's face.

DANIEL TURNER BALMER, A.S.

ON LEARNING FRENCH

Like silver bells heard in a mist,
Or moonstone echoes from some brook
Where silver birches wall a nook,
Or like sea ripples moon-lit kissed,

Or like a lake of silver ledges
Where iris water-lilies lave,
Or like some lark's translucent wave
Of song above white hawthorn hedges,

The maiden ripples French to me;
But I am like an argonaut
In some mute agony of thought,
Lost in sound's sweet tranquillity.

ALFRED J. FRITCHY, Camp Hospital 30.

“WHO SAID SUNNY FRANCE?”

It lies on your blankets and over your bed,
There's mud in the cover that covers your head,
There's mud in the coffee, the slum, and the
bread—

Sunny France!

There's mud in your eyebrows, there's mud up
your nose,
There's mud on your leggins to add to your woes,
The mud in your boots finds its place 'twixt
your toes—

Sunny France!

*Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that
makes you swear,
The cheesy mud, the greasy mud, that filters
through your hair.*

You sleep in the mud, and drink it, that's true;
There's mud in the bacon, the rice, and the stew,
When you open an egg, you'll find mud in it, too—

Sunny France!

There's mud in the water, there's mud in the tea,

There's mud in your mess-kit as thick as can be,
It sticks to your fingers like leaves to a tree—
Sunny France!

*Oh, the ruddy mud, the muddy mud, the mud that
gets your goat,
The sliding mud, the gliding mud, that sprays
your pants and coat!*

It cakes in your mouth till you feel like an ox,
It slips down your back and it rests in your sox;
You think that you're walking on cut glass and
rocks—

Sunny France!

There's mud in your gas mask, there's mud in
your hat,

There's mud in your helmet, there's mud on
your gat,

Yet though mud's all around us, we're happy at
that—

Sunny France!

*Oh, the dank, dank mud, the rank, rank mud, there's
just one guy to blame;*

*We'll wish him well (we will like hell!) and Kaiser
Bill's his name!*

JACK WARREN CARROL, Corp., F.A.

THE TRUANT

The wise years saw him go from them,
Untaught by them, yet wise;
He had but romped with the hoyden years,
Unwitting how time flies;
Whose laughter glooms to wistfulness
At swift, undreamt good-byes.

The wise, grave, patient mistresses
Of his young manhood's school,
The wise, grave, patient years-to-be—
He never knew their rule;
And yet he marches by a man,
A hero, and no fool!

The wise years see him go from them,
Untaught by them, yet wise;
The lad who played where, yesterday,
Girls' kisses were the prize!
They wonder whence his manhood came,
So well he lives—and dies!

R. R. KIRK, Pvt., G2, S.O.S.

TRIBUTE

There's tumultuous confusion a-comin' down the
road,

An' the camouflage don't nearways hide the
dust,

An' it ain't no flock of camions, though some's
carryin' a load

(I guess the provos winked—or got it fust).

But now it's comin' closer, you can tell 'em by
the roar—

It's the Hundred Second Infantry a-goin' in
once more.

Oh, they've met the Hun at the length
of a gun,

And they know what he is and they mind
what he's done,

So that's why they sing as they slog to
more fun!

You doughboys, you slow boys,

Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—

We like you, Infantry.

Now us in the Artillery don't live no life of ease
Nor yet particular security,
For the present that Fritz sends us one can't
dodge behind the trees,
Unless trees was much thicker than they be.
But we know out lot is doughnuts, Orders Home,
and Gay Paree
To what you march to singin', Hundred Second
Infantry.

Oh, there's numerous blanks in your
company ranks,
But there's two in the Boches' for one in
the Yanks',
An' all that he guv, you returned him with
thanks,
You doughboys, you slow boys,
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—
We like you, Infantry.

F. M. H. D., F.A.

SEA STUFF

Now I'm a soldier, so I ain't
 No hand at art, but say,
There's things at sea I'd like to paint
 Before I'm tucked away.

A cruiser on the sunrise track,
 Alert to find the morn,
With every funnel belching black
 Into the red, gold dawn;

A flock o' transports, crazy lined,
 On blue-green waves advance,
That sink their bows, all spray an' dewed,
 Hellbootin' it for France;

A manned gun peerin' out to port
 As evenin' shadows close;
Beyond, a ship slipped up an' caught
 Against a cloud o' rose;

A crow's nest loomin' from below
 Across the Milk Way's bars,

Just like a cradle rockin' slow,
An' sung to by the stars.

No, I can't paint the things I've seen
While we were passin' by,
But, all the same, they sure have been
Worth lookin' at, say I.

STEUART M. EMERY, Pvt., M.P.

LETTERS

My buddy reads his letters to me, and, say, he
sure can write!

I have to sit and chew my pen and even then
The way it reads when I get through I know it's
pretty sad

As far as composition goes; the grammar, too,
is bad.

But talk about—gee, he can sling the ink to beat
the band,

And picture everything he's seen a way that sure
is grand.

I got him to write a note to my gal and, golly,
it was fine!

I copied it and signed my name, but, all the
same,

It didn't seem to please her, for she wrote in her
reply

She'd read it several times and it didn't sound
like I

Was sayin' exactly what I meant, and was I
feelin' good;
I'm kind of glad she took it so—in fact, I hoped
she would.

MEL RYDER, Sgt. Major, Inf.

SOLDIER SMILES

You may talk of kings and princes,
And the glory of their show;
You may sing of knights and ladies
In the days of long ago;
You may paint a vivid picture
Of the wonder worlds to see,
But the smiles on soldier faces
Look the best of all to me.

They are gassed and shelled and tortured,
They are muddy, thin, and weak;
They are shocked and shot and shattered,
And you marvel when they speak;
They will give their all in battle
That the world may be made free,
And their smiles amidst their sorrows
Are real miracles to see.

They have smiled since they were babies—
Laughter, love have been their charms—

And their smiles were patriotic
When their country called to arms;
They go laughing to the trenches,
Filling fighting lines with glee,
And with smiles they come back wounded—
Those are smiles that puzzle me.

Kings and kaisers may be mighty
As the bloody brutes of war;
They may use the worst of weapons
Never dreamed of e'er before;
But they're sure to meet disaster
Over land and on the sea,
For the soldier boys of Freedom
Fight—and smile—the whole world free!

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE, Capt., U.S.A.

BEEFING

It seems I'm never satisfied
 No matter where I go.
My job's a cinch, my duties soft,
 I still find grief and woe.
If I'm stationed in a training camp
 Where drills are very light,
I holler to be sent up front
 To get into the fight.

When we were in the U. S. A.,
 I thought we had no chance,
And I wasn't really satisfied
 Till on my way to France.
We've been here now about six months,
 And if I had kept track,
I'll bet I've said, a thousand times,
 "I wish that I was back."

And when I was a corporal
 I belly-ached around

And thought a better sergeant
Than I'd make could not be found.
I've had three stripes for eight long months,
And still I curse my luck,
And threaten that I'll tear 'em off
And go back to a buck.

For when they try to please me
And dish out first class chow,
And there's sugar in the coffee,
I'll holler anyhow.
And if I was sent to Heaven
And up there was doing well,
I wouldn't, yet, be satisfied
Till I'd got a look at hell!

H. H. Huss, Sgt., Inf.

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear;

She ain't no pome of beauty, that's a cinch—
She howls like Holy Jumpin' when a feller shifts
a gear,

But she's sure a lovey-dovey in a pinch.

Just head her straight for Berlin and no matter
what the road,

Or whether it's just trenches, trees, and mud,
And I'll guarantee she'll get there with her pre-
cious human load

And her treads a-drippin' red with German
blood.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!

She's a pippin', she's a daisy, she's a
dream!

Where the star-shells are a-lightin' up the thick-
est of the fightin',

She'll be sailin' like a demon through
the gleam.

If the way is rough and stony and the vantage
point is far,

Just slip her into high and hang on tight,
Shove your foot down on the throttle and to hell
with all the jar!—

She'll take you clean from here to out of
sight.

'Course you've got to clean and scrub her same
as any piece of tin

That's worth the smoke to blow her up the flue;
But just whisper to her gently, pat her back
and yell "Giddap!"

And there ain't a thing she wouldn't do for
you.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!

She's a Lulu, she's a cuckoo! She's
the goods!

When the Boches see you comin', they will set
the air to hummin'

A-wavin' of their legs to reach the
woods.

When the last great rush is over and the last
grim trench is past,

She will roll in high right through old Berlin
town,

Her grim old sides a-shakin' and her innerds
raisin' hob,

Intent on runnin' Kaiser William down.

Then she'll find him and we'll bind him to her
grindin', tearin' treads,

And we'll start her rollin' on the road to hell,
Shove her into high and leave her, tie her
bloomin' throttle down—

We'll say she's lived her life and lived it well.

Oh, you tank! tank! tank!

She's a devil! She's a dandy! She's
sublime!

When her grimy hide goes hurlin' through the
dirty streets of Berlin,

Watch the goose step change to
Yankee double time!

RICHARD C. COLBURN, Sgt., Tank Corps.

THE NEW ARMY

Who are those soldiers
Who go marching down?
They're the young fellows
Of your old home town.

The butcher's son, the baker's,
His Honor's lad, too;
The old casual mixture
Of Gentile and Jew.

Don't they march manly!
Ay, they step light;
And soon by the papers
Ye'll see they can fight!

R. R. KIRK, S.S.U.

TOUJOURS LE MÊME

No matter how wise or how foolish
The company's cook may be,
When down at the table we're seated,
Two things we all plainly can see;
When we look at the chow
There's the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

If quartered in city or country,
The cook never misses his aim;
If messing in swamp or on mountain,
Two things will remain quite the same;
Though it may cause a row,
We get bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

When tasks for the day are all ended,
And weary are body and brain,
Small matter it makes if we're eating
Indoors, or outside in the rain,

Toujours Le Même

The cook makes his bow
With the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

Of all that I've learned in the Army,
This fact I am sure I know well—
And others are certain to tell you—
The soldier's worst picture of hell

Is thrice daily chow
With the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.

VANCE C. CRISS, Corp., Engrs.

TO THE WEST WIND

West Wind, you've come from There,
 Surely my Girlie
Breaded in your truant air—
 Did you kiss my Girlie?
Seemed then a-sleeping she,
 As you passed merrily?
Whispered she aught of me,
 Dreaming full tenderly?

West Wind, turn back your speed;
 Blow to my Girlie!
Turn back, you wind, and heed—
 Hie to my Girlie!
Elfin-like seeming,
 Close to her hover;
Into her dreaming
 Say that I love her.

WILLIAM S. LONG, Corp., A. S.

THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch and a slop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse,
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my off horse, she shines like a countess,
And my nigh made the general blink,
And they pull like twin bats fresh from Hades,
And they're quick as a demimonde's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations,
And it's taps I completely disdain.
And my bunk, it brings tears from the captain,
And the cooties are at me again.
But when there's a piece in the mire,
With her muzzle just rimming the muck,
Then it's hustle for me and my beauties—
If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route that's receiving
Its tender regards from the Huns,

Then we gallop hell bent for election
To our duty o' feeding the guns.
The gas, the H.E., and the shrapnel,
They brighten our path as they burst,
But they've never got me or my chevals—
They'll have to catch up to us first.

I'm a slouch and a slop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse,
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my hosses, they neigh when I'm comin',
An' my sarge knows how hefty they drag,
An' the cap lent me ten francs this mornin'—
Here's to him an' to me an' the flag!

F. M. H. D., F.A.

SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen
Than the chisel the lawgiver knew;
The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men
Than the sword that Napoleon drew.
I foil the young man with a nose for the news,
And I stifle the first feeble note
Of the soldier who ventures to air any views
That he never was paid to promote.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing
Of my shears in the morning light,
And clip, clip, clip is the raucous ring
Of their voice in the starry night.
I may strike from the calendar all of its dates,
And I rob every town of its name,
And rarely a letter but sadly relates
The tale of my terrible fame.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told,
Till every unfortunate prays

That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold
May be sealed to the end of my days.
On each written syllable, proudly I state,
I pronounce benediction or ban;
For I'm the personification of Fate—
The redoubtable Censor man!

JOHN FLETCHER HALL,
Sgt., Inf., Acting Chaplain.

DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY?

One hears at sound of reveille,
Straight through till taps is blown,
“Gimme, lemme take yer razor,”
“Have you got a sou to loan?”
Or maybe, “Gosh, I lost my towel,
Lemme take yours, will you, Bill?”
“Have you got some extra ‘Sunkums’?”
“I wanna wet me gill.”

All through the day it's e'er the same,
Week in, week out, “Say, Bo,
I'm just a few francs shy today,
Wot's chances for a throw?
You know me, Al, me woid's me bond,
I've never stuck a pal,
But I simply gotta keep that date
Or hunt another gal.”

“Have you an extra undershirt?
The Major's gonna see

What makes the men so nervous like
And scratch so frequently."

"I'm gonna promenade ce soir,
Lemme take yer new puttees.

Aw, mine's been muddy for a week,
Loose up, huh tight ol' cheese."

"I don't know where me money goes,
It takes the prize for speed,
The next day after we've been paid,
Can't buy a punk French weed.
Next month I'll have to slacken up,
Or jump into the lake"—
But till that old ghost walks again,
It's gimme, lemme take!

FRANK EISENBERG, Pvt., Tel. Bn.

CAMOUFLAGE

They tell us tales of camouflage,
The art of hiding things;
Of painted forts and bowered guns
Invisible to wings.

Well, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battleships
And earthen-colored trains,
And planes the hue of leaden skies,
And canvas-hidden lanes.

Well, we used the magic art
That day of anxious fears;
We understand this camouflage
—We laughed away your tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown

Debated long on camouflage
Before they got it down.

Well, it came right off to us,
We didn't have to learn;
We understand this camouflage
—We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage,
This art of hiding things;
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
And all the songs he sings.

Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camouflage
—We left home with a smile.

M. G.

TRENCH MUD

We have heard of Texas gumbo
And the mud in the Philippines,
Where, if we had legs like Jumbo,
The mud would cover our jeans.
But never did we get a chance
To feel real mud till we hit France.

Our shoes are deep in it,
We often sleep in it,
We almost weep in it—
It's everywhere;
We have to fight in it,
And vent our spite in it,
We look a sight in it,
But we don't care!

The mud that lies in No Man's Land
Is as thick on the other side,
And where the Germans make their stand
Is where we'll make them slide,

For our hob-nailed shoes will force a way,
And we'll knock them cold—for the U.S.A.

Though we must eat in it,
Wash our feet in it,
Try to look neat in it,
 This mud and slime;
Though we get sore in it,
Grumble and roar in it,
We'll win the war in it
 In our good time!

JOHN J. CURTIN, Sgt., Inf.

I LOVE CORNED BEEF

I LOVE corned beef—I never knew
How good the stuff COULD taste in stew!
I love it WET, I love it DRY,
I love it baked and called MEAT PIE.
I love it camouflaged in HASH—
A hundred bucks I'd give—in CASH
To have a BARREL of such chow
A-standing here before me now.
I say "YUM YUM" when "soupie" blows,
I SNIFF and raise aloft my nose:
CORNED WILLIE! Ha! Oh, BOY, that's
FINE!
Can hardly keep my place in LINE.
I kick my heels and wildly yell:
"Old Sherman said that 'WAR IS HELL,'
But GLADLY would I bear the heat
If corned beef I could get to eat!"
I love it HOT—I love it COLD,
Corned Willie never WILL grow old.
I love it—now PAUSE—listen, friend:
When to this war there comes an end

And PEACE upon the earth shall reign,
I'll hop a boat for HOME again.
Then to a RESTAURANT I'll speed—
No dainty MANNERS will I heed—
But to the waiter I will cry:
“Bring me—well, make it corned beef PIE!
And—better bring some corned beef STEW,
And corned beef COLD—I'll take that, too.
And—now, don't think I'm CRAZY, man,
But could you bring a corned beef CAN?
And—WAIT!—I'm not through ORDERING
yet—
I want a SIRLOIN STEAK—you BET,
With hash browned SPUDS—now, LISTEN,
friend,
I've got the CASH, you may depend—
Right HERE it is—let's see, I'll try—
Oh, bring a piece of hot MINCE PIE
And ALL this stuff that's printed here;
My appetite is HUGE, I fear.”

Then, when he's filled my festive board
With all these eats, I'll thank the Lord
(For that's the PROPER thing to do),
And then I'll take the corned beef STEW,
The corned beef PIE and corned beef COLD,

I Love Corned Beef

The corned beef CAN I'll then take hold
And RAM the whole WORKS into it
And say: "NOW, damn you, THERE you'll sit.
You've haunted every DREAM I've had—
You don't know what shame IS, egad!
Now SIT there, Bo—See how you FEEL—
And watch me eat a REG'LAR meal!"

A. P. B.

A CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER

O Lord, I am not worthy to
Be found amid these reddened hands
Who offer an atoning due,
Themselves, to Thee, great martyr bands.

Let me but kiss the ground they tread,
And breathe a prayer above their sod,
And gather up the drops they shed,
These heroes in the cause of God.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

BILLETS

(Dedicated to the gallant peasants of sunny France,
who own them, and the officers of the A.E.F. who made
the selection for the proletariat.)

I've slept with horse and sad-eyed cow,
I've dreamed in peace with bearded goat,
I've laid my head on the rusty plow,
And with the pig shared table d'hôte.
I've chased the supple, leaping flea
As o'er my outstretched form he sped,
And heard the sneering rooster's crow
When I chased the rabbit from my bed.
I've marked the dog's contented growl,
His wagging tail, his playful bite;
With guinea pig and wakeful owl
I've shared my resting place at night,
While overhead, where cobweb lace
Like curtains drapes the oaken beams,
The spiders skipped from place to place
And sometimes dropped in on my dreams.
And when the morning, damp and raw,
Arrived at last as if by chance,

I've crawled from out the rancid straw
And cussed the stable barns of France.

And sometimes when the day is done
And lengthening shadows pointing long.
I dream of days when there was sun
And street cars in my daily song.
But over here—ah! what a change,
The clouds are German-silver lined—
Who worries when we get the mange?
What boots it if our shoes are shined?
The day speeds by and night again
Looms up a specter grim and bare;
We trek off to the hen house then
And climb the cross barred ladder there—
Another biologic night
Spent in a state sans peace, sans sleep;
And as I soothe some stinging bite,
I mark the gentle smell of sheep,
The smell that wots of grassy dell,
Of hillsides green where fairies dance. . . .
The vision's past—I'm back in hell,
An ancient stable barn of France.

We've slept with all the gander's flock,
By waddling duck we've slumbered on—

In fact, we've slept with all the stock,
And they will miss us when we're gone.
We've seen at times the nocturne eyes
Of playful mouse on evening spree,
And the coastwise trade at night he plies
With Brother Louse on a jamboree.
We've scratched and fought with foe unseen,
And with the candle hunted wide
For the bug that thrives on Paris green,
But cashes in on bichloride.

Perchance may come a night of stars,
Perchance the snow drift through the tile,
Perchance the evil face of Mars
Peeks in and shows his wicked smile;
'Tis then we dream of other days
When we were free and in the dance,
And followed in the old time ways,
Far from the stable barns of France.

THE MULE SKINNERS

A wet and slippery road,
And dusky figures passing in the night,
The smell of steaming hide and soaking leather,
The muttered oath,
The sharp command as troops give way to
right,
Then clatter on through mud and streaming
weather.

The creak and groan of wheels,
And batteries that rumble down the road
With pound and splash of hoof and chains
a-rattle,
The driver's spurring chirp,
The tugging as the mules take up the load,
And 'bove it all the roar of distant battle.

All night we do our job,
Hauling the supplies up from the rear,
Past streams of troops and shell-shot habitation,

Through rut-worn road,
By blackened walls without a light to cheer,
On through the night and storm and desolation.

This the life we know,
The seeming endless driving and the strain,
The ever pushing toil, without cessation,
Necessity to do,
Through biting wind and cold and chilling
rain,
And sleepless nights and lack of rest, privation.

This the life we lead,
Reckless of screaming shell, and trusting
chance,
A soldier's humble task, a soldier's ration.
But who of us would trade
His soldier's lot nor want to be in France?
Who would not live his life in soldier fashion?

WILLIAM BRADFORD, 2nd Lt., A.G.D.

THE OLD OVERSEAS CAP

The war of the Trojans and all the Greek crew
Was fought for the sake of a fair lady who
Went absent without leave, for weal or for woe,
And took her permission to Paris to go.

All Greeks grasped steel helmets and trench
knives and tanks
And wheel teams and chariots and fell into
ranks.
Shipping boards gave no trouble with quarrels
or slips:
The beauty of Helen had launched all the ships.

All cautioned their sweethearts that since they
must go,
To keep home hearths heated, on flirting go
slow;
For each warrior was off to the battle and strife
To make the world safe for a good-looking
wife.

But they'd never have fought if they'd read
Helen's note,

Which just before leaving she hastily wrote:
"Menelaus just entered our once happy home
With an overseas cap on the top of his dome!"

FAIRFAX D. DOWNEY, 1st Lt., F.A.

HOGGIN' IT

Well, I've eaten food sublime, and I've eaten
food that's rotten,
From Alaska's coldest corner to where the land-
scape's cotton;
At times there has been plenty, then there's
times when there's been none,
And I've kept me upper stiffest, for complainin'
I'm not one.
But it's now that I'm protestin'—oh, I've
suffered silence long—
It's fancy food I'm cravin', for me system's goin'
wrong.

Oh, it's bacon, bacon, bacon,
Till your belly's fairly achin'
For some biscuits or some hot cakes that in
your mouth would melt;
There's no German dog could dare me,
No fear of death would scare me,
If I only had some chicken à la King beneath
me belt.

Now I read where Mr. Hoover tells the folks to
lay off hoggin',
We'll be needin' lots of grub to put the Fritz
on the toboggan;
And the way that they've responded makes you
feel so awful proud
That you'd like to meet old Bill to take his
measure for a shroud.
Lord, it's plenty that we're gettin', but I'd be
dancin' jigs
If they'd pass an order home to stop a-killin' off
the pigs.

For it's bacon, bacon, bacon,
Till your very soul is shakin'—
If I could pick me eatin', it's a different song
I'd sing;
I'd not miss a raidin' party,
For patrol I'd be quite hearty,
Oh, I'd swap me chance of Heaven for some
chicken à la King.

MED. MIQUE.

THE MAN

Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go
Out of Life's heated battle into the evening
glow.

He was just a common soldier, one of a mighty
clan,
But every watcher bared his head in honor to
the Man.

We stood there at attention, and the flag-draped
coffin came,
And we snapped up to salute him, though we
never knew his name.

He was just a common soldier, but we couldn't
salute as well
The best old major general on this bright side
o' hell!

H. T. S.

SONG OF THE GUNS

This is the song that our guns keep singing,
Here where the dark steel shines;
This is the song with their big shells winging
Over the German lines—

“We are taking you home by the shortest way,
We are taking you out of this blood and slime
To the land you left in an ancient day,
Where lost lanes wander at twilight time;
We are bringing you peace
In the swift release
From the grind where the gas drifts blur;
On a steel shod track
We are taking you back,
We are taking you back to Her!”

This is the song that our guns keep roaring,
Out through the night and rain;
This is the song with their big shell soaring
Over the battered plain—

"We are taking you home by the only way,
By the only road that will get you back
To the dreams you left where the dusk was gray
And the night wind sang of a long-lost track;
We are bringing you rest
From the bitter test,
From the pits where the great shells whirr;
Through the bloody loam
We are taking you home,
We are taking you home to Her!"

GRANTLAND RICE, 1st Lt., F.A.

THROUGH THE WHEAT

(The Sergeant's Story)

"There's a job out there before us,"
Said the Captain, kinder solemn;
"There's a crop out there to gather
Through the wheat fields just ahead."
Through the wheat of Château-Thierry
That was soon to hold our column,
"There's a crop out there to gather,"
That was all the Captain said.
(Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow,
But at night the wheat was red.)

"There's a crop out there to gather,"
And we felt contentment stealin'
Like a ghost from out the shadows
Of a lost, old-fashioned street;
For the crop out there before us
Brought a kinder home-like feelin',
Though the zippin' German bullets
Started hissin' through the wheat.

But it didn't seem to bother
As we slogged along the beat.

"There's snakes here," whooped a private
As the bullets started hissin';
And we saw that Hun machine guns
In the thicket formed our crop;
So we started for the harvest
Where a bunch of them was missin',
But a bunch of them was hittin'
Where we hadn't time to stop.
But we damned 'em to a finish
As we saw a bunkie drop.

So we gathered in the harvest,
And we didn't leave one missin';
(We had gathered crops before this
With as tough a job ahead.)
Through the wheat of Château-Thierry,
With the German bullets hissin',
"There's a crop out there to gather,"
That was all the Captain said.
(Oh, at dawn the wheat was yellow,
But at night the wheat was red.)

ALLIES

The French, the British, and the Portugee,
Captain, or colonel, or king though he be,
Gives a salute in response to me,
Buck private in Uncle Sam's Infantry.

There's much that a soldier's salute im-
plies,
But it means the most when it means,
"We're Allies!"

In Belgium and France and Italy
They talk in ways that are Greek to me,
But the speech of soldiers' courtesy
Is a Lingua Franca wherever you be.

With a single gesture, I recognize
That I am one of the Twenty Allies.

I never could tell just why it should be
That the first salute should be up to me
In this queer, new army democracy,
But every commander must answer me,

British, or French, or Indo-Chinee,
Captain, or colonel, or king though he be.

There's much that a soldier's salute implies,
But it means the most when it means,
"We're Allies!"

MERRITT Y. HUGHES, Pvt., Inf.

TO BUDDY

It's a tough fight for you, Buddy,
And it takes a heap of grit
 To stick and win
 And keep your grin
When you're in the thick of it.

It's no cinch for you, Buddy,
When the dreams with which you came
 Melt into naught
 As you are taught
The horrid, bitter game.

It's a hard pull for you, Buddy,
And oft times it looks damned blue,
 But square your chin
 And vow to win,
And play the game clean through.

For there's a great time coming, Buddy,
A time worth waiting for,

When Kultur's done
And all is won,
And the boys come home from war.

Oh, she'll be waiting, Buddy,
And the lovelight in her eye
Will shine with joy
As Her Big Boy
Goes proudly marching by.

It's a hard road for you, Buddy,
But it's more than worth the game
To buck all fears
So Mother's tears
Will be for joy, not shame.

HOWARD J. GREEN, Corp., Inf.

THE WOOD CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET¹

(Dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Co. E.,
165th Infantry, who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-
Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7; read by the
chaplain at the funeral, the refrain echoing the music of
Taps from a distant grove.)

I

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade or pick,
Yet covered by earth ten metres thick.

There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh or live again
Or taste of the summer time;

For death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,

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Touched his prey—
And left them there—
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free,
And fled away.

Now over the grave, abrupt and clear,
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear:
Go to sleep—
Go to sleep—

(*Taps sounding in distance.*)

II

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this spot of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand,
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new come band.

St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair,

80 **The Wood Called Rouge-Bouquet**

As he sees them stand saluting there
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the woods called Rouge-Bouquet,
A delicate sound of bugle notes
That softly say:
Farewell—
Farewell—

(Taps sounding in distance.)

L'ENVOI

Comrades true,
Born anew,
Peace to you;
Your souls shall be where the heroes are,
And your memory shine like the morning star,
Brave and dear,
Shield us here—
Farewell!

JOYCE KILMER, Sgt., Inf.
Killed in action, July 30, 1918.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
 We're on the seas for France,
We're on our way to make them pay
 The piper for the dance.
To starboard and to port
 Our paint-splotched convoys toss,
Grim thunderbolts in rainbow garb,
 We jam a path across.
Our guns are slugged and set
 To smack the U-boat's eye—
God help the Hun that tries his luck—
 Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
 The decks are deep with men,
We're going out to God knows what,
 We'll be back God knows when.
Old friends are at our sides,
 Old songs drift out to sea,
Oh, it is good to go to war
 In such a company.

The sun is on the waves
That race to meet the sky,
Where strange new shores reach out to us—
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
A long and weary while,
Through all the drab and empty days,
Remember us and smile.
Our good ship shoulders on
Along a lane of foam,
And every turn the screw goes round
Is farther still from home.
We'll miss the things we left,
The more the white miles fly,
So keep them till we come again—
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

THE FIELDS OF THE MARNE

The fields of the Marne are growing green,
The river murmurs on and on;
No more the hail of mitrailleuse,
The cannon from the hills are gone.

The herder leads the sheep afield,
Where grasses grow o'er broken blade;
And toil-worn women till the soil
O'er human mold, in sunny glade.

The splintered shell and bayonet
Are lost in crumbling village wall;
No sniper scans the rim of hills,
No sentry hears the night bird call.

From blood-wet soil and sunken trench,
The flowers bloom in summer light;
And farther down the vale beyond,
The peasant smiles are sad, yet bright.

The wounded Marne is growing green,
The gash of Hun no longer smarts;
Democracy is born again,
But what about the troubled hearts?

FRANK CARBAUGH, Sgt., Inf.

(Written while lying wounded in hospital; died
August, 1918.)

A NURSE'S PRAYER

O Lord, I must not cry,
And yet mine eyes contain
Such floods of scalding tears
That they will never dry,
Descending soft as rain,
Through all the coming years.

Cor Jesu, I must weep,
When I behold the sight!
These men who fought and bled,
Who moan and cannot sleep,
Their souls so snowy white,
The wounded and the dead.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY,
Lt., Chaplain.

LINES ON LEAVING A LITTLE TOWN
WHERE WE RESTED

We with the war ahead,
 You who have held the line,
Laughing, have broken bread
 And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue.
 We cannot fully know
Things hid beneath your smile
 Four years ago.

Things which have given us,
 Grimly, a common debt,
Now that we take the field,
 We won't forget!

RUSSELL LORD, Corp., F. A.

POPPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills
of France,

Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them
nod and dance;

Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid
tune—

Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in
June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to
Monthiers—

Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked
machine guns play!

Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer
morn—

Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields
are torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to
blench,

Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow
trench,

Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish
tread
Through the poppied wheat fields to the flaming
woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer
sun,
Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter
day is won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing
rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front
files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat field; how still beside them
lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star
shells burst on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's
soft glance,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed
hills of France.

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, Capt., F.A.

POILU

You're a funny fellow, poilu, in your dinky little
cap

And your war worn, faded uniform of blue,
With your multitude of haversacks abulge from
heel to flap,

And your rifle that is 'most as big as you.
You were made for love and laughter, for good
wine and merry song,

Now your sunlit world has sadly gone astray,
And the road today you travel stretches rough
and red and long,

Yet you make it, petit soldat, brave and gay.

Though you live within the shadow, fagged and
hungry half the while,

And your days and nights are racking in the
line,

There is nothing under heaven that can take
away your smile,

Oh, so wistful and so patient and so fine.

You are tender as a woman with the tiny ones
who crowd

To upraise their lips and for your kisses pout,
Still, we'd hate to have to face you when the
bugle's sounding loud

And your slim, steel sweetheart Rosalie is out.
You're devoted to mustaches which you twirl
with such an air

O'er a cigarette with nigh an inch to run,
And quite often you are noticed in a beard that's
full of hair,

But that heart of yours is always twenty-one.
No, you do not "parlee English," and you find
it very hard,

For you want to chum with us and words
you lack;

So you pat us on the shoulder and say, "Nous
sommes camarades."

We are that, my poilu pal, to hell and back.

STEUART M. EMERY, Pvt., M. P.

AS THINGS ARE

The old home State is drier now
Than forty-seven clucks
Of forty-seven desert hens
A-chewin' peanut shucks.

There everybody's standin' sad
Beside the Fishhill store,
A-sweatin' dust an' spittin' rust
Because there ain't no more.

The constable, they write, has went
A week without a pinch.
There ain't no jobs, so there's a gent
'At sure has got a cinch.

I ain't a'gonna beef a bit,
But still, it's kinda nice,
A-knowin' where there's some to git
Without requestin' twice.

THE GIRL OF GIRLS

When the war god reached out his talons
And showed me the way to the fray,
My sweethearts shed tears by the gallons—
There was weeping and gnashing that day.

Don't blame them for crying like babies;
I'm surprised they recovered at all,
'Cause I sure made a hit with the ladies,
Just one look at me and they'd fall.

Take Evelyn or Peggy or Jennie—
They surely were there with the looks,
And I've never regretted a penny
I blew in on flowers and books.

And Mildred—that kid was a thriller,
A complexion like peaches and cream;
She was sweeter than Marilynn Miller,
And Phyllis—oh, boy, what a dream!

And now that I'm over the ocean,
I remember them each by their smile;

But there's one who gets all my devotion,
And I'm thinking of her all the while.

When my clothes need mending and scrubbing,
And only one sock I can find,
And my knuckles are swollen with rubbing,
Why, girlies, you're far from my mind.

My thoughts are for one who is dearer
Than Phyllis or Peggy or Mae;
Each day that I'm gone she seems nearer—
And she's feeble, but smiling and gay.

HOWARD A. HERTY, Corp., 1st Army Hq.

THE LITTLE DREAMS

Now, France is a pleasant land to know
If you're back in a billet town,
And a hell of a hole for the human mole
Where the trenches burrow down;
But where doughboys be in their worn O.D.,
Whatever their daily grinds,
There's a little dream on this sort of theme
In the background of their minds:

"Oh, gee whiz, I'd give my mess kit
And the barrel off my gat
Just to take a stroll up Main Street
In a new Fedora hat;
Just to hit the Rexall drug store
For an ice-cream soda stew,
And not a doggoned officer
To tell me what to do."

Here's a youngster sprawled in an old shell hole
With a Chauchat at his eye;

There's some wide H.E. on the next O.P.

And a Fokker in the sky.

It's a hundred yards to his jump-off trench

And ten to the German wire,

But what does he hear, more loud and clear

Than the crack of harassing fire?

Echoed footsteps on the marble

Throbs of a revolving door,

And the starter's ticking signal—

"Up! Express here—fourteenth floor!"

Click of coins on the cigar stand;

Two stout parties passing by—

"I sold short and took no chances;

Lackawanna's too damn high."

Here's a C.O. down in his dugout deep

Who once was a poor N.G.

The field phone rings and someone sings,

"Red Gulch, sir. 12-9-3

Is spilling lach on Mary Black;

Have Jane retaliate."

Two minutes more and he hears Jane roar,

While he thinks this hymn of hate:

"That north forty must look pretty,

Head high, now, and ears all set;

And the haystacks in the meadow—
Wonder if they've mowed it yet?
Crickets clicking in the stubble;
Apples reddening on the trees—
Oh, good Lord, I'm seeing double;
That's not gas that made me sneeze."

Here's a Q.M. warehouse, locked and still,
At the end of a village street;
The sunset red on the woods ahead,
And a sentry on his beat.
The hour chimes from the ancient spire,
A child laughs out below,
And the sentry's eyes, on the western skies,
Behold, in the afterglow,

Row on row of smoking chimneys,
Long steel roofs and swinging cranes,
Maze of tracks and puffing engines,
Creeping strings of shunted trains,
Asphalt streets and stuccoed houses,
Lots, with brick and lath piled high;
Whips of shade trees by the curbings,
Yellow trolleys clanging by.

These are tawdry thoughts in an epic time
For martial souls to own?

They are thoughts, my friend, that we would
not mend,
That are bred of our blood and bone.
A mustard shell it is very well,
And an egg grenade's O.K.,
But we get our steam from our little dream
Of the good old U.S.A

Cotton fields along the river,
Night lights streaming from a mill;
Corn, with curling leaves a-quiver,
Dump cars lining out a fill;
Presses roaring in a basement,
Woods, with waters gleaming through—
Kaiser Bill, we'll up and go there
When we've rid the world of you!

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, Capt., F.A.

THE R.T.O.

O hear the song of the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux."
He works in the day and he works at night,
For the men must go or the men can't fight.
They call him here and they call him there,
They ask him Why and they ask him Where.
O his cars don't come, but his cars must go,
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow,
If they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux.
Thus goes the song of the R.T.O.

O it's "How we love you, R.T.O.,
With your '40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux'!
Say, whadja do before the war—
Work in a packin' house? O Lor'!
We got an army in here now,
And we ain't got room for our packs and chow.
They's 40 Hommes aboard, you KNOW,
So come ahead with your 8 Chevaux,
And shout 'Allez' and away we'll go.
O how we LOVE you, R.T.O.!"

Heaven help the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux"!
He's got five hundred men to load
On a few small cars and a busy road.
O the war won't end if he don't make good,
'Cause he's got to send 'em the men and food,
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow.
And they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux,
There's hell to pay if the stuff don't go,
So Heaven help the R.T.O.

A. P. BOWEN, Sgt., R.T.O.

THE MACHINE GUN

Anywhere and everywhere,
It's me the soldiers love,
Underneath a parapet
Or periscoped above;
Backing up the barrage fire,
And always wanting more;
Chewing up a dozen disks
To blast an army corps;
Crackling, spitting, demon-like,
Heat-riven through and through,
Fussy, mussy Lewis gun,
Three heroes for a crew!

Advocate of peace am I,
Which same some won't admit;
Say! I'd like to see that crowd
Come out and do their bit!
Out to where the boys have died,
That peace on earth might come
Sooner than if He above
Had based His hopes on some!

Whimper not, my friends, when men
Have holy work to do,
Tuning up the Vickers gun,
Three heroes for a crew!

Anywhere and everywhere,
From Loos to Ispahan,
Yankee, Poilu, Tommy's
Been with me to a man;
Pacifist and fighter, too,
I care not where I go,
Crashing, smashing at the lines
That shield the common foe.

Anywhere and everywhere,
Heat-riven through and through,
Fussy, mussy Browning gun,
Three heroes for a crew!

ALBERT JAY COOK, Corp., M.G. Bn.

OUR DEAD

They lie entombed in serried ranks,
A cross atop each lonely grave.
They rest beneath the peaceful banks
They fought so valiantly to save.

This ground made sacred by their tears,
Our starry flag above each head,
For upwards of a thousand years
A shrine shall be unto our dead.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away
From the land where we'd lived all our lives,
An' we laughed an' we sang till the whole
 harbor rang,
An' threw kisses to mothers and wives.

But after a while as we stood there in file,
An' the people wuz only a blur,
Things sort o' calmed down, an' we jus' watched
 the town
Till we couldn't see nothin' o' her.

Say, then we felt blue, an' you couldn't tell who
 Felt the worst, fer we all darn near cried;
'Twas jus' like when night is a-comin' in sight,
An' you've been where somebody's died.

First thing we knew came a roar, an' it grew
 Till I'll bet that the Kaiser could hear;
Fer there off one side, lookin' at us with pride,
Wuz Liberty! Who wouldn't cheer?

I s'pose she's still there with the crown in her
hair

An' her lamp givin' light to the land;
That may all be so, but there's lots of us know
How we still feel the touch of her hand.

Sometimes in the night when there ain't any
fight,

An' we're standin' on guard all alone,
Like an angel o' grace she comes near, an' her
face

Cheers our hearts which wuz colder'n a stone.

In the thick of a scrap, with sweat oozin' like
sap,

She puts her cool hand into ours;
An' like that everywhere, we c'n feel that she's
there,

With her help, and her smile like the flowers.

FREDERICK W. KURTH, Sgt., M.T.D.

THE STEVEDORE

We don't pack no gat or rifle, we don't juggle
pick or spade,
Nor go stunnin' peevish Germans in no dashin'
midnight raid;
But we hit the warehouse early and we quit
the warehouse late,
And there ain't no G.O. limits on the speed we
truck the freight.
We don't hike along the roadway in them iron
derby hats
While the shrapnel punctuates the breeze and
gas floats o'er the flats;
We just dodge the fallin' cases and we slap them
back on high,
For it's just a pile o' pilin' in the Service of
Supply.

No, we ain't no snappy soldiers, and our daily
round of drills
Includes a lot of movements minus military
thrills;

But we drill them bloomin' box cars, double
timin' on the bends,
And we slam them full of boxes till they're
bulgin' at the ends.
We ain't sniped no Fritzie snipers, and we ain't
wrecked no tanks,
And we don't go dashin' forward with the ever-
thinnin' ranks;
But some nights we gets an order for a shipment
on the fly,
Then we plug right through till mornin', in the
Service of Supply.

We ain't got no dugout movies, nor a Charlie
Chaplin laugh;
We ain't got no handsome colonel with his neat
and nifty staff,
Nor a brave and fearless captain with a flashing
sword and gun
To yell, "Now up and at 'em, boys! We've
got 'em on the run!"
We ain't soaring round in biplanes, punching
holes in Boche balloons,
Nor corralling frightened Fritzies by battalions
and platoons,

But when they yell, "Rush order!" then we get
around right spry,
For the boys are up there waitin'—on the Service
of Supply.

C. C. SHANFELTER, Sgt., S.C.

BLACK AND WHITE

I was like the child
Who believed there was
A Santa Claus
But had never seen him,
Only
I have seen another world
And know it exists.

I used to think that
There was only one world—
A world of
Mud
And bursting shells
Which killed and wounded
Me and my pals;
A world of
Hizzing bullets
And mustard gas,
And cold, sleepless nights,
And no food for days,

And Huns who cried
"Kamerad!"
(When their ammunition was gone),
And filthy clothes,
And cooties
And cooties
And cooties.

But now I know that there is also
A world of—
Clean sheets and pajamas,
And good food
And plenty of it,
And kind, gentle women
In white
Who give you cocoa and soup,
And doctors who give you more than
"C.C." pills,
And peaceful days
Without a single shell,
And peaceful nights,
And officers who wear white collars
And have only heard of cooties,
And visitors who sit on your bed
And murmur "How thrilling,"
And street cars and taxis,

And buildings without
A single shell hole in them,
And everything
I only dreamed of before.
Gosh! but it's a wonderful war—
BACK HERE.

HARV.

THE OL' CAMPAIGN HAT

No more against a battle sky with swooping
pilots lined,

No more where charging heroes die my peaked
top you'll find.

In training camps and peaceful climes the war
is not for me,

Yet still I dream of other times and what I used
to be.

The Mauser crackles once again—the smoky
Springfield roar

Avenges those who manned the *Maine* upon the
Cuban shore.

Fedora-style I did my bit in jungle sun and dirt,
And now I've got a mortal hit, just like the old
blue shirt!

I hear the tingling 'Frisco cheers, the squat
“Kilpatrick” sway,

As boldly swung we from the piers, Manila
months away.

Luzon, Panay—I saw them all, Pekin was not
the least—

O I have felt the siren call that sweeps from out
the East.

Below the line of Capricorn in divers times and
places

I've heard retreating yowls of scorn from herds
of Spiggot races.

The Rio Grande and Vera Cruz—I knew them
like a map,

And now it looks as though I lose—the jackpot
to a cap!

No more against a blazing sky where hard-
pressed Fokkers flee,

No more where charging heroes die, my peakéd
top you'll see.

The trade mark of the Johnnie's gone, but, just
between us two,

I'll bet you I come back again when this damn
war is through!

WHEN THE GENERAL CAME TO TOWN

We wuz workin' in th' offus—
That is, all exceptin' me—
An' I wuz jest a-settin',
As a orderly should be,

When a feller wearin' eagles
Perchin' on his shoulder straps,
Poked his head right in th' winder,
An' he talks right out an' snaps,

"Who's th' officer commandin'
Over this detachment here?"
An' th' looey he salutes him,
While us rest wuz feelin' queer.

"I am, sir," th' looey tells him,
Wonderin' what th' row's about.
"Pershing's comin' in five minits,"
Says th' kernel. "All troops out."

Gosh, how we did hurry,
For we looked a doggone fright—

Some had hats a-missin',
An' they warn't a coat in sight.

First we cleaned up in th' offus,
Then we swept up in th' street,
An' it wasn't many seconds
Till th' place wuz hard t' beat.

Next we hunted up our clothin',
Borried some an' swiped some more,
Then th' looey got us standin'
In a line afore th' door.

Mighty soon around th' corner
Come two scrumptious lookin' cars,
An' they wasn't any licence
On th' first one—'cept four stars.

When the car nad stopped right sudden,
Then th' gineral he stepped out,
An' without much parley-vooin'
He begin t' look about.

They wuz lots o' darkey soldiers
What wuz lined up in a row,
An' he shore looked at 'em careful,
Walkin' past 'em mighty slow.

An' th' Frenchmen come a-flockin',

An' they couldn't understand

Why he warn't a-wearin' medals,

An' gold braid t' beat th' band.

Then he made a little lectur,

Givin' all them Frenchmen thanks,

Since they'd acted mighty kind-like

In a-dealin' with his Yanks.

All th' peepul started clappin'

When his talk kum to a close,

An' a purty little lassie

Offered him a dandy rose.

Shore he tuk it, smilin' pleasant,

Like a gift he couldn't miss—

An' th' little maid wuz happy

When he paid her with a kiss.

Then he stepped into his auto,

An' he hurried on his way—

While us guys went back t' workin',

Feelin' we had had SOME day.

VANCE C. CRISS, Corp., Engrs.

SEICHEPREY

A handful came to Seicheprey
When winter woods were bare,
When ice was in the trenches
And snow was in the air.
The foe looked down on Seicheprey
And laughed to see them there.

The months crept by at Seicheprey
The growing handful stayed,
With growling guns at midnight,
At dawn, the lightning raid,
And learned, in Seicheprey trenches,
How war's red game is played.

September came to Seicheprey;
A slow-wrought host arose
And rolled across the trenches
And whelmed its sneering foes,
And left to shattered Seicheprey
Unending, sweet repose.

J. M. H.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud spitting motor truck and wagon trains,
And caissons and guns and Infantry,
All jammed together in the dark
And mud and rain of northern France,
Moving toward the Front.

Night after night it had been thus,
With days of hard, relentless drudgery
Spent over maps of war and battle plans,
With one or two or three, perhaps,
Short hours of sleep in every twenty-four,
Only what chance afforded,
Till I had lost all trace of time.
Day meant but heavy toil,
And night dull tramping onward in the mud,
Buffeted about by caissons and guns and motor
trucks;
Life was but mud and rain and weary men.

And then—one evening ere the march began,
I chanced to pause and gaze into the West,

And there was all the beauty of the world
Lying a-top the rain-bejewelled trees
In stripes of crimson, lavender, and blue,
And all the other colors known to man!

Then darkness came, and I was tramping north-
ward once again,
Buffeted about by caissons and guns and motor
trucks.

But lo! the road that night was smooth;
My feet were steady and my heart was gay,
For I had looked into the West I love
And there had seen the magic of your smile.

CHARLES LYN FOX, Inf.

PRIVATE JONES, A. E. F.

"Who is the boy and what does he do, and what
do the gold stripes mean?
And why is his mouth so grim and hard while
those eyes of his are a-dream?
Only a private soldier, eh, and he holds his head
that high?
Putting on airs a bit, I'd say; nothing about
him that's shy.

"He's been through hell three times, you say,
and turned up with a grin?
He's faced the great unknown so much it holds
no fear for him?
He's seen the highest lights of life and deepest
shadows, too?
He knows what glory means when mixed with
mud, red blood and blue?

"He's slept in the slush and rain and hummed a
tune as the big guns barked?
He's eaten a single meal a day, and kept ragtime
in his heart?

He's fallen three times, you say, in the dark,
with limp, still things around,
And he called the nurse 'kid' and asked her to
help him get back to that ground?

"No wonder the mouth is grim and set, no won-
der the eyes a-dream;
The best and worst in life and death the plain
buck private has seen.
Ah, well, I suppose he'd like to quit and get an
easier job.
No? Not he? He told you, you say, he wouldn't
trade bunks with God?"

WILLIAM I. ENGLE, Pvt., Inf.

"HOMMES 40, CHEVAUX 8"

Roll, roll, roll, over the rails of France,
See the world and its map unfurled, five cen-
times in your pants.
What a noble trip, jolt and jog and jar,
Forty we, with Equipment C in one flat-wheeled
box-car.

We are packed by hand,
Shoved aboard in 'teens,
Pour a little oil on us
And we would be sardines.

Rations? Oo-la-la! and how we love the man
Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold
and clammy can.
Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and
beef,
Willie raw, he will win the war, take in your
belt a reef.

Mess kits flown the coop,
Cups gone up the spout;
Use your thumbs for issue forks,
And pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunk, six hommes to one
homme's place;
It's no fair to the bottom layer to kick 'em in
the face.
Move the corp'r'al's feet out of my left ear;
Lay off, sarge, you are much too large, I'm not
a bedsack, dear.

Lift my head up, please,
From this bag of bread;
Put it on somebody's chest,
Then I'll sleep like the dead.

Roll, roll, roll, yammer and snore and fight,
Travelling zoo the whole day through and bed-
lam all the night.
Four days in the cage, going from hither hence;
Ain't it great to ride by freight at good old
Unc's expense?

THE BUGLER

(A patient in Base Hospital 48)

"I can't blow taps no more,"

He says to me.

(They'd kidded him outside the barracks door.)

"I used to do it pretty well before—

Before I played my buddy off. It's war,
But don't you see?

"The moon was full and white,
And shinin' free,

About the way it's shinin' there tonight.

We started up, and Buddy got it right—
A piece of shrap; it dropped him out the fight
Alongside me.

"We laid him in the clay;
And it was me

That sounded taps; there was no other way . . .

I can't blow taps no more . . . but say!

I tapped a German skull the other day.
And that squares me!"

LIN DAVIES, Pvt.

THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES

They pick their way o'er the shell-pocked road
As the evening shadows fall,
A man and woman, their eyes a-gleam
With awe at war's black pall.

The straggling strands of her snowy hair
Are tossed in the wind's rude breath;
His frail form shakes as the whistling gusts
Sweep o'er the field of death.

With straining eyes, hearts beating fast,
They seek to gaze ahead
To where they left their little home
When from the Hun they fled.

'Neath the heights of a hill o'erlooking the vale,
Half hid in a purple shade,
The dim outline of the town comes to view,
And they hasten down the glade.

At last the town, the street, and home!
But God! Can it be this?—

This pile of stones, this hideous hulk,
This gaping orifice?

The sun has set. The evening star
Sends down its soothing light.

Gone are the tears; their hearts are strong—
“For God, for France, and Right!”

FREDERICK W. KURTH, Sgt., M.T.D.

AS THE TRUCKS GO ROLLIN' BY

There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin'
an' a thud,
As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my
bed o' mud,
'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my
shelter fly,
An' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks a-rollin'
by.

They're jumpin' an' they're humpin' through
the inky gloom o' night,
'N' I wonder how them drivers see without a
glim o' light;
I c'n hear the clutches roarin' as they throw
the gears in high,
An' the radiators boilin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

There's some a-draggin' cannons, you c'n spot
the sound all right—
The rumblin' ones is heavies, an' the rattly ones
is light;

The clinkin' shells is pointin' up their noses at
the sky—

Oh, you c'n tell what's passin' as the trucks go
rollin' by.

But most of 'em is packin' loads o' human
Yankee freight

That'll slam the ol' soft pedal ontuh Heinie's
hymn o' hate;

You c'n hear 'em singin' "Dixie," and the
"Sweet Bye 'N' Bye,"

'N' "Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?" as
the trucks go rollin' by.

Some's singin' songs as, when I left, they wasn't
even ripe

(A-showin' 'at they's rookies wot ain't got a
service stripe),

But jus' the same they're good ole Yanks, and
that's the reason why

I likes the jazz 'n' barber shop o' the trucks
a-rollin' by.

Jus' God and Gen'rul Pershing knows where
these here birds'll light,

Where them bumpin' trucks is bound for under
camouflage o' night,

When they can't take aero pitchers with their
Fokkers in the sky
Of our changes o' location by the trucks a-rollin'
by.

So altho' my bed is puddles an' I'm soaked
through to the hide,
My heart's out with them doughboys on their
bouncin', singin' ride,
They're bound for paths o' glory, or, p'raps,
to fight 'n' die—
God bless that Yankee cargo in the trucks
a-rollin' by.

L. W. SUCKERT, 1st Lt., A.S.

GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home an' you're
feelin' kind o' blue,

When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sets
jest right fer you,

Yuh can sneer at all yer troubles, an' yer cares
yuh never mind,

When you've really had a letter from the Girl
yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his bis-
kits never raise,

When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes fer jes'
seventeen straight days,

Yuh can quite fergit he's nutty, yuh can treat
him fairly kind,

If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh
left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has
bawled yuh out fer fair,

When some pesky Lieut has sassed yuh which
to home he wouldn't dare,

Yuh can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's
easy, yuh will find,
If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh
left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before the
other guys,
An' yuh git a little vision of the light that's in
Her eyes;
Yuh can see Her smiles an' dimples, an' fer other
girls you're blind
When you've really had a letter from the Girl
yuh left behind.

Jest a sheet or two of paper with a purple stamp
or two,
But it means the whole creation to the heart an'
soul o' you,
An' yuh git to feelin' pious, an' yuh pray a bit,
yuh mind,
For the great Almighty's blessin' on the Girl
yuh left behind.

E. C. D., Field Hospital.

TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

I wish you, children, playing round
On this too-rudely trampled ground,
Only the good things I would send
To all the children I befriend.

But one wish circles all: To know
Little of what your elders do,
And somehow into the sunlight grow
Out of the mists they stumble through.

R. R. KIRK, Pvt., G2, S.O.S.

THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO YOU

Some day, when screaming shells are but a dream
That vanished with the dawn of better days,
When Love and Faith are really what they seem,
And Treachery is lost in fleeting haze;
When each sweet day recalls a noble deed,
Wherein a blinding flash plays not a part,
And Truth at last has sown the godly seed
That springs to Trust and Joy in every heart;
Some day, though it be farther down the years
Than ever mortal gazed or planned ahead,
When we have made them pay for all your tears,
And squared accounts for comrades who have
bled;
When we can feel that storms of Greed and Lust
Will nevermore engulf our skies of blue;
When you can live and know each sacred trust—
And not till then—will we come back to you.

Corp. HOWARD H. HERTY,
1st Army Hq. Reg.

TO A DOUGHBOY

I watched you slog down a dusty pike,
One of many so much alike,
With a spirit keen as a breath of flame,
Ready to rise and ready to strike
Whenever the fitting moment came;
Just a kid with a boyish grin,
Waiting the order to hustle in
And lend your soul to the battle thrill,
Unafraid of the battle din
Or the guns that crashed from a hidden hill.

I watched you leap to the big advance,
With a smile for Fate and its fighting chance,
Sweeping on till the charge was done;
I saw your grave on a slope of France
Where you fell asleep when the fight was won.
Just a kid who had earned his rest
With a rifle and helmet above his breast,
Who proved, in answer to German jeers,
That a kid can charge a machine gun nest
Without the training of forty years.

I watched the shadows drifting by
As gray dusk came from a summer's sky,
And lost winds came from beyond the fight,
And I seemed to hear them croon and sigh:
"Sleep, little dreamer, sleep tonight;
Sleep tonight, for I'm bringing you
A prayer and a dream from the home you knew;
And I'll take them word of the big advance,
And how you fought till the game was through,
And you fell asleep in the dust of France."

LIL' PAL O' MINE

Just a wee remembrance
 Of a little child so fair,
From Dad, who coaxed himself away
 To leave you over there.

Just a little thought or two,
 A dream, a wish, a prayer,
For you, my little smiler Girl,
 Across the sea back there.

Just a bit of Daddy love,
 To you I send it all,
Your eyes, your smile, your golden hair,
 Your love for "raggy doll."

Just a little tear sometimes,
 Yes, men they weaken too,
War is hard, but harder still
 Is bein' 'way from you.

E. S. E.

PERFECT CONTRITION

"Send for a priest," the small disc read
That clasped his neck around;
But he, brave soul, was long since dead
When found upon the ground

A crucifix was in his hand,
Stained by his bloody kiss,
This newest of the martyr band
To taste of Heaven's bliss.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

WHEN PRIVATE MUGRUMS PARLAY VOOS

I can count my francs an' santeems—
If I've got a basket near—
An' I speak a wicked "bon jour,"
But the verbs are awful queer,
An' I lose a lot o' pronouns
When I try to talk to you,
For your eyes are so bewitchin'
I forget to parlay voo.

In your pretty little garden,
With the bench beside the wall,
An' the sunshine on the asters,
An' the purple phlox so tall,
I should like to whisper secrets,
But my language goes askew
With the second person plural
For the more familiar "too."

In your pretty little garden
I could always say "juh tame,"

But it ain't so very subtle,
An' it ain't not quite the same
As "You've got some dandy earrings,"
Or "Your eyes are nice an' brown"—
But my adjectives get manly
Right before a lady noun

Those infinitives perplex me,
I can say you're "tray jolee,"
But beyond that simple statement
All my tenses don't agree.
I can make the Boche "comprenney"
When I meet 'em in a trench,
But the softer things escape me
When I try to yap in French.

In your pretty little garden
Darn the idioms that dance
On your tongue so sweet and rapid,
Ah, they hold me in a trance!
Though I stutter an' I stammer,
In your garden, on the bench,
Yet my heart is writin' poems
When I talk to you in French.

CHARLES DIVINE, Pvt.

IF I WERE A COOTIE

If I were a cootie (pro-Ally, of course),
I'd hie me away on a Potsdam-bound horse,
And I'd seek out the Kaiser (the war-maddened
cuss),

And I'd be a bum cootie if I didn't muss
His Imperial hide from his head to his toe!
He might hide from the bombs, but I'd give
him no show!

If I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat the Kaiser,
Ah, oui.

And after I'd thoroughly covered Bill's area,
I'd hasten away to the Prince of Bavaria,
And chew him a round or two—under the
Linden—

Then pack up my things and set out for old
Hinden—
(Old Hindy's the guy always talking 'bout
strafing)—

To think what I'd do to that bird sets me
laughing!
If I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus threat the Prince and old Hindy,
Ah, oui!

I'd ne'er get fed up on Imperial gore—
I might rest for a while, but I'd go back for more.
I'd spend a few days with that Austrian crew,
And young Carl himself I'd put down for a
chew;
There'd be no meatless days for this cootie, I
know,
They'd all get one jolly good strafing or so.
For if I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat their damnships,
Ah, oui!

A. P. BOWEN, Sgt., R.T.O.

THE LILY

The lily sadly drooped her head;
"My France is bowed in grief!" she said.
"Must I live on to satisfy
The conquering Teuton's lustful eye?
Lord, let me wither!
Let me die!"

The lily proudly raised her head;
"My France is free once more!" she said.
"Free from dark and blood-smirched gloom!
The ruthless Hun has met his doom.
Lord, let me gladden!
Let me bloom!"

HOWARD J. GREEN, Corp., Inf.

ME,—AN' WAR GOIN' ON!

Me!—a-leadin' a column!

Me!—that women have loved—

Me, a-leadin' a column o' Yanks, an' tracin' Her
name in the Stars!

Me, that ain't seen the purple hills before all
mixed in the skies

With the gray dawn meltin' to azure there;

Me, that ain't a poet, growin' poetic;

An' the flash o' the guns on the skyline,

An' red wine—an' France!

An' me laughin'—and War!

An' Slim Jim singin' a song;

An' a lop-eared mule a-kickin' a limber

An' axles 'thout no grease hollerin' Maggie at me!

Me, that women have loved—

An' War goin' on!

Mornin' comin',

An' me—a-leadin' a column

Along o' them from the College,

Along o' them from the Streets,

An' them as had mothers that spiled them, and
them as hadn't,—

Lovin' names in the Stars,
An' Slim Jim singin' a song,
An' Folks to Home watchin' them, too,
An' Maggie that never had loved me, lovin' me
now,
An' thinkin' an' cryin' for me!—
For me that loved Maggie that never loved me
till now.

Mornin' comin',
An' me—a-leadin' a column,
An' a town in the valley
Round the bend in the road,
An' Ginger strainin' his neck
An' thinkin' o' Picket Lines—
An' me an' the rest o' them thinkin' o' home and
eggs down there in the village,
An' Coney startin' to close at Home
An' Maggie mashed in the crowd—
An' me a-leadin' a column—
An' War goin' on!

Me that hollered for water,
With a splinter o' hell in my side;
Me that have laid in the sun a-cursin' the beggars
and stretchers
As looked like they'd never a-come;

Me that found God with the gas at my throat
An' raved like a madman for Maggie,
An' wanted a wooden cross over me!
Me—an' Slim Jim back o' me singin',
An' tracin' a name in the fade o' the Stars!

Me—knowin' that some'll be ridin' that's walkin'
tonight—
Knowin' that some'll never see Broadway again,
An' red wine,
An' Little Italy,
An' Maggies like Mine,—
Me!—a-murmurin' a prayer for Maggie
An' stoppin' to laugh at Slim,
An' shoutin' "To the right o' the road for the
Swoi-zant-canze!"
Them babies that raise such hell up the line,
An' marchin',
An' marchin' by night,
An' sleepin' by day,
An' France,
An' red wine,
An' me thinkin' o' Home,
Me—a-leadin' a column,—
An' War goin' on!

JOHN PALMER CUMMING, Inf.

THE ROAD TO MONTFAUCON

"M. P., the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucon?"

"The road, sir, black with mules and carts
And brown with men a-marching on—
The Romagne woods that lie beyond
The ruined heights of Montfaucon—

"North over reclaimed No Man's Land
The martyred roadway leads,
Quick with forward moving hosts
And quick with valiant deeds
Avenging Rheims, Liége, and Lille,
And outraged gods and creeds.

"There lies the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucon,
Past sniper and machine gun nest,
By steel and thermite cleansed. They've
gone—
And there in thund'rous echelon
The ruined heights of Montfaucon."

HAROLD RIEZELMAN, 1st Lt., C.W.S.

VESTAL STAR

The long, long march is o'er, the weary roaming;
We bivouac, yearning for a peaceful night;
I lie and dream amid the purple gloaming,
And scan the heavens for a beacon light.

As graying shadows lengthen o'er the landscape,
And gentle zephyrs lightly stir the air,
In yon first twinkling star I gleam a vision
Of little sister offering up a prayer.

FRA GUIDO, F.A.

THE DOUGHBOY PROMISES

SHE

When you come back—
Ah, 'twill be such returning
As only lips like mine can sanctify!
Then will my arms, that ache with endless
yearning,
Find sweet surcease from the regret of
learning
To give you up, if need there be, to die.

Should you come back
Aged from the toil of fighting,
Marred, it may be, though perfect you set out,
What matters, so your heart has known
no blighting,
Your soul has met the test without af-
frighting?
What is there, dear one, after that, to doubt!

*Oh, but you must come back to me, beloved!
Wounded or no, you must come back.*

HE

When I come back,
Beneath my helmet muddy,
There'll be a smile, stored through the strife, for
you;
There'll be a kiss, tender and warm—
aye, ruddy
With hint of Gallic skies, for my real
buddy
(That's soldier talk, and soldier talk rings true).

As I come back,
Down the street flags adorning,
Half seeing all the pomp for sight of you,
Foretaste I'll know of gladsome days
a-borning
For us, come out of Night at last to
Morning
From the Long Trail that terminates for two.

*Oh, but I will come back to you, my Mother !
Wounded? Why, no! . . . I will come back!*
ARTHUR McKEOGH, Lt., Inf.

OLD LADY RUMOR

There is nothing like a rumor just to set the
gang afire,
They receive it,
And believe it,
Does it matter who's the liar?
No, it doesn't. For as often as we hear of
something new,
Though it's doubted,
It is shouted
By our gossip-loving crew.
Conversation is a morsel, and, with greedy
appetite,
How we chew it,
As we brew it,
Be it daytime, be it night.
Back in the States it started and continues o'er
the foam,
And we'll swally
It, by golly,
When we join the Soldiers' Home!

A-h-h-h—men-n!

C. H. MACCOV, Base Hosp. 38.

THE LOST TOWNS

Beneath the new moon sleeping
The little lost towns lie;
Their streets are very white and hushed,
Their black spires tilt the sky.

Across the darkened meadows
A plaintive night bird calls;
The sea of fog that clouds the fields
Rolls softly to their walls.

Within their shuttered houses
No midnight candles glance;
Their womenfolk are all abed,
Their menfolk fight for France.

They dream the little lost towns
Of Alsace and Lorraine,
The vision of the patient years,
The old frontier again.

Sleep on, nor cease your dreaming,
Who pitted men and crowns,
We'll bring you back, we'll bring you back,
Oh, little, long lost towns.

STEUART M. EMERY, Pvt., M.P.

DER TAG

(In answer to the German toast "Der Tag" in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "über alles.")

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!
Here's to the day when we break his swelled dome!
Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long, restless nights
With cursed cootie bites
Things of the past!
Hot baths at last!
Real dollar bills!
No more O.D. pills!

Chicken instead of our canned willie chow!
All of the ice cream the law will allow!
Mess in the way we want to be messed!
Dress in the way we like to be dressed!

Neckties and suits!
No more salutes!
A nice, comfy bed
With a mattress instead
Of some billet floor
That makes your ribs sore.

The day when we no longer blister our heels,
But know how a ride in the old subway feels!
The day that we no longer parlez Français,
But speak once again in the good old home way!

Keep running, Fritz, as you're now on the run,
And before very long you will be a licked Hun,
With "Der Tag" that you toasted time-worn
and passé,
While we drink triumphantly: Here's to Our
Day!

HOWARD J. GREEN, Corp., Inf.

THERE'S ABOUT TWO MILLION
FELLOWS—

There's about two million fellows from the
North, South, East and West
Who scurried up the gang plank of a ship;
They have felt the guy ropes paying and the
troopship gently swaying
As it started on its journey from the country of
the blest.
They have washed in hard salt water, bucked
the Army transport grub,
Had a hitch of crow's nest duty on the way;
Strained their eyes mistaking white caps for a
humpback Prussian sub
Just at twilight when "the danger's great, they
say."
When their ship had lost the convoy they were
worried just a bit,
And rather thought the skipper should be
canned;

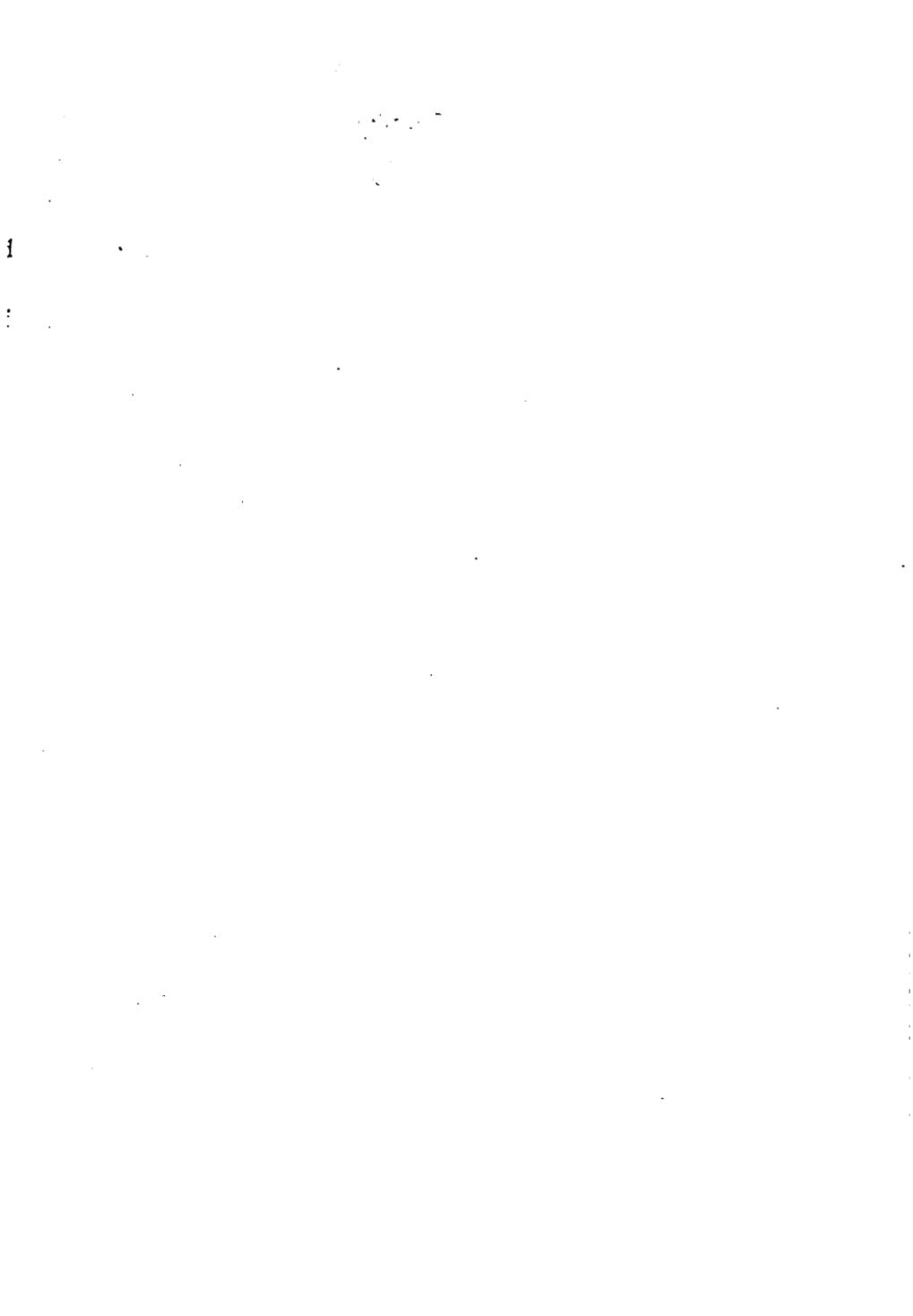
And the sigh of heartfelt feeling almost set the
boat to reeling
When each of those two million sighted land.

There's about two million fellows that have
landed here in France,
They're scattered God and G.H.Q. know where;
By the cranes where steamers anchor, schooner,
tramp, or greasy tanker,
There's an O.D. outfit waiting just to make the
cargo dance.
They are chopping in the forest, double-timing
on the roads,
Putting two-ways where a single went before;
In the cabs of sweating engines, pushing, pulling
double loads
When the R.T.O.'s in frenzied tones implore,
For it's duty, solid duty with the hustling men
behind,
From the P. of E.'s on up to No Man's Land;
And there's never chance of shirking when the
boys up front are working—
Night and day must go the answer to the front
line's stern demand.
There's about two million fellows and there's
some of them who lie

156 **There's about Two Million Fellows—**

Where eighty-eights and G.I.'s gently drop;
Where the trucks and trains are jamming and
the colonel he is damning
Half the earth and in particular the Service of
Supply.
They have had a stretch of trenches, beat the
Prussian at his best,
Seen their buddies fall like heroes right beside;
But—there's nigh two million fellows from the
country of the blest
Who know the cause for which their comrades
died,
Who have crossed the sluggish shallows where
their little life streams ran
And broadened just a trifle, you will find;
And their vision's cleaner, clearer and they hold
just that much dearer
The great and glorious land they left behind!

ALBERT J. COOK,
Sgt., Hq. Detch., —Army Corps.





Ch Roy Baldwin
Pvt A.S.F

Audenarde Belgium
NOV. 11, 1918

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

We stood up and we didn't say a word,
It felt just like when you have dropped your
pack

After a hike, and straightened out your back
And seem just twice as light as any bird.

We stood up straight and, God! but it was good!
When you have crouched like that for months,
to stand

Straight up and look right out toward No-Man's-
Land

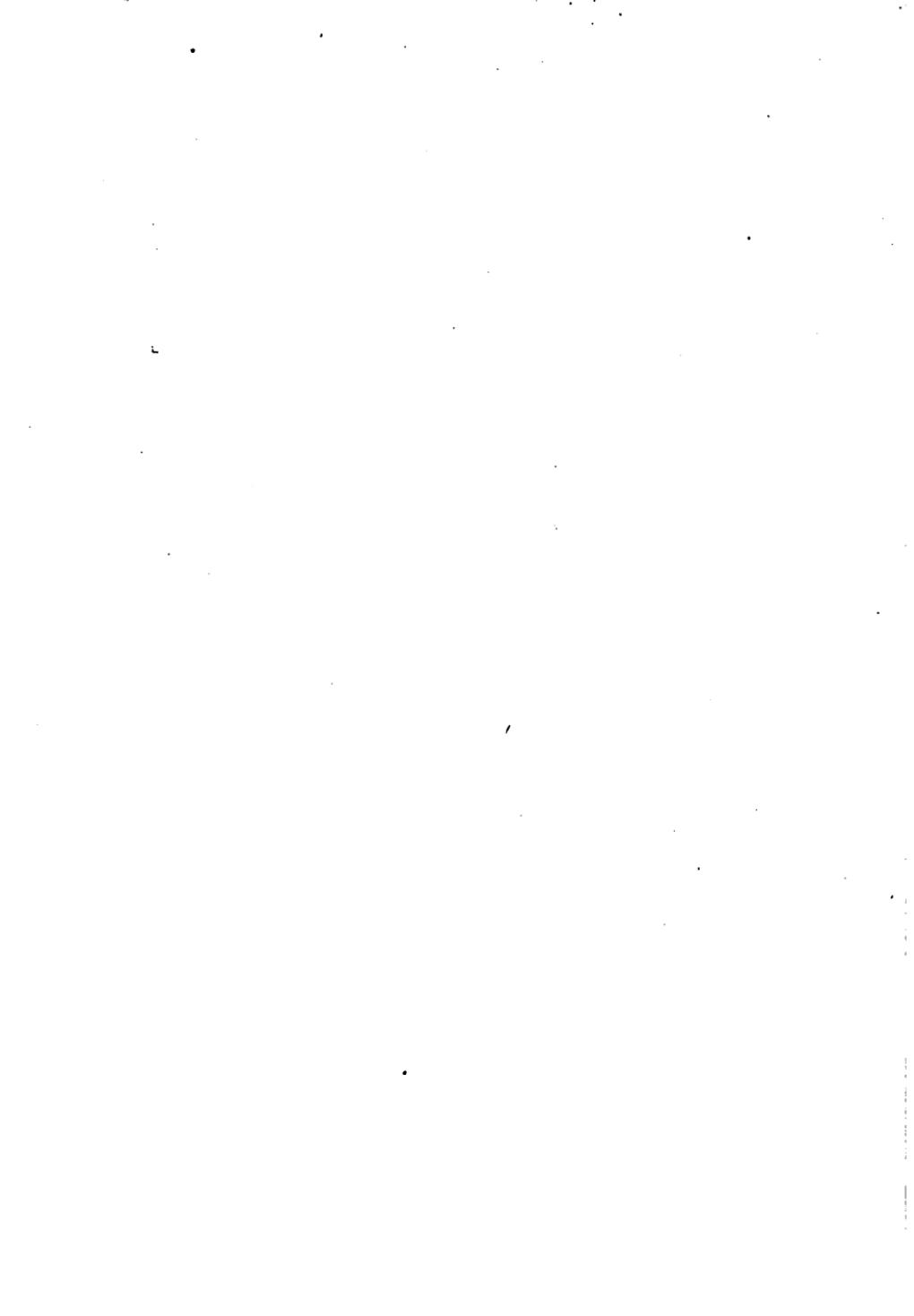
And feel the way you never thought you could.

We saw the trenches on the other side
And Jerry, too, not making any fuss,
But prob'ly stupid-happy, just like us,
Nobody shot and no one tried to hide.

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard
A sort of sigh from everybody there,
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

HILMAR R. BAUKHAGE,
Pvt., A. E. F.







YANKS

A.E.F. Verse



HANKS A.E.F. Verse

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